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# GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

CHARLES H. FARNSWORTH



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# GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR FUN AND FANCY

BY

**CHARLES H. FARNSWORTH**

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**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS**

**NEW YORK**

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A

## PREFACE

THE desire for self-improvement is a distinctive characteristic of the American. This seems to be especially true with reference to singing. School music is constantly recommended for developing the community spirit, the love of home and country, for refining taste, for disciplining the mind and even improving the health. And yet we cannot really say that these are the highest and best reasons for singing.

The real motive for singing is found in the joy of it. Unless this is present all other motives are lifeless. Music, in our modern life, is too educational—it should be more for fun and fancy if we are to have vigorous living music.

The aim of GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS is to offer, first, good music; second, a plan for its use that shall encourage the enjoyment of singing both in the school and the home.

The songs are short and extremely rhythmic in character. Such songs as Purcell's "Harvest Home," "Weel May the Keel Row," and the "Dance Song from Jutland" are admitted to the collection mainly for this reason.

The songs depend on their melodic character for effectiveness. Fifty-six of them are without vocal harmony, and thirty-seven do not need even instrumental accompaniment to give them interest. Simple part work is introduced in fourteen rounds. Six of the songs are harmonized, such as "Old Black Joe" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," making it possible for the older members of the family to join in with the children at home.

A wide range of subjects is included.

Fourteen of the songs may be classified as humorous, about the same number as songs of sentiment. "Now is the Month of Maying" and "Maypole Dance" represent the jollity of out-door life. The love motive could hardly be left out of a collection in which there are so many folk-songs, yet in contrast to the sentimental, modern treatment, old songs like "Sally, My Dear," through a humorous approach, remove what objections there might be to their use.

There are some half dozen beautiful melodies introduced without words so that the pupils may make up appropriate local settings. The same could be done with a number of the songs which have words but the sentiment of which is not particularly applicable to our American life. "When the King Enjoys His Own Again," "Hunting the Hare," "A Hundred Years on the Eastern Shore," and even the "Cornish May Song," may with good effect have local words substituted for those given. "The Camper's Life" illustrates how a vigorous sea-song may be made effective for a land-lubber. The value of such practice will be alluded to again.

Not only do folk-songs abound, but such compositions as "Puahoku" from Hawaii, several Indian melodies, a Bulgarian and two Hindu airs introduce pleasing variety, not for geographical or archæological interest, but because of the charm of the melodies. These national melodies—in fact all the songs of the collection—have been practically tested with young people and included because of the interest they have awakened.

In order to arouse the desired motive

for the singing of these songs, they should be used under conditions not always found in ordinary school life. The opening exercises and the work in connection with the music reading lesson do not lend themselves easily for exuberant expression. The material in this book is best adapted to recreative singing and should be used freely in connection with the varying aspects of school life. Hence, a minute or two of song between classes and whenever a change of mood is desired would offer the best opportunity for the use of this collection and make the music of the school of much greater benefit to the pupil.

While the actual learning of these songs depends largely on their school use, their full effect will be best realized apart from study. If the pupil is well introduced to them they are bound to appear in his out-of-school life, in picnics, excursions, in the home, on the playground. This out-of-school use of music will go a long way towards making our children musical. Unfortunately, the little of such singing that is done is often utterly unassociated with what is learned in school.

We need not only more out-of-school singing, but such singing should further a distinctive musical enjoyment. Hence the suggestion for the home use of these songs, for arranging school and home programmes, for utilizing all the available musical resources of the home.

The most effective agency, however, in making the songs a part of the pupil's life is to have him make up words to these melodies that will be expressive of his own fun and interest. Recently, during one season, in a summer camp for girls words to over twenty-five songs were made up, many of them to melodies that are in this collection. There was a gusto and interest in the singing of these songs of the girls' own making that did not appear in songs whose words did not have this inti-

mate association. It is sometimes objected that such breaking apart of music and words is a practice that should not be encouraged. There are hymns and patriotic songs whose words and music it would be almost a crime to separate; but most of the material in this collection has no such association. In a great many cases the words and melodies must have had separate origins.

To make a fine melody effective for expressing local interest is next in value to originating a good melody itself, and we hardly need a more authoritative example than Robert Burns, who wrote original words for already existent melodies. The text of many a famous song is sufficient to show that great poetic and literary ability is not essential in the text to serve for focusing emotional interest awakened by the melody. Such changes of words may often be nothing more than adaptation of ideas to fit the local need. The introduction of such changes has been the important factor in making the folk-song as effective as it is. Because the art of printing makes it possible to fix a given form of melody and text, it does not follow that no further change shall take place. We do need collections where melodies and texts are scrupulously kept as near as possible to their original forms for the sake of their archæological interest, but a school song-book should have its material as closely related to the pulsing life of the pupils as possible, and the adaptation of text is often one of the most effective means for accomplishing this end.

It will need tact and enthusiasm on the part of the teacher, the superintendent, parents, and all interested in the pupils to see that the melodies to which original words are to be set are first thoroughly learned and their scansion felt. They must be well in mind if they are to dominate the rhythm of the words. Some tunes are caught as easily as limericks

and are generally of no more worth. It takes practice to retain "The Chambered Nautilus" in mind, but how eminently worth while is the effort compared with the ease of recollecting a limerick! In fact, the collection is not offered as something that will compete in itself with the light music of the day, but it has a character that with care will enable it to hold its own.

The fact that these tunes are short and pithy, that they are full of life, and that most of them do not depend on a harmonic setting or accompaniment for effectiveness makes them particularly applicable for singing under the varied conditions that the popular use here recommended requires. Music which demands accompaniment, chorus, or part singing for its effectiveness is too limited.

We know of no other book that at-

tempts to cover this specific field for students of the grammar grades. The future musical life of the individual depends very largely on the musical interests which are awakened in these and earlier grades. Music, like the other arts, must be loved to be studied effectively. The formal work of note reading will be of little use if singing for the joy of it, already alluded to, is not present. We shall never "hear America singing" unless, above all motives for improvement, whether of the self or the community, we frankly recognize that fun and fancy must be the prompting desire in song.

I take pleasure in expressing my gratitude for the aid received from editors and publishers of old songs and hope that what is here presented will in turn be helpful to others in making good music popular.



# TO THE TEACHER

## I

MANY schools are fortunate enough to possess either a piano-player, a phonograph, or both. In its particular field either instrument is indispensable in that it offers a unique means for setting before us a vast amount of the world's best music. Rolls and records have, in fact, been made by the greatest artists; and, while they sometimes leave much to be desired, they are, nevertheless, of paramount importance in the study, appreciation, and enjoyment of music.

In the following paragraphs reference is made to phonograph records only, for two reasons: (1) This instrument is becoming more and more common in schools and homes. (2) It is the only mechanism that, to any satisfactory degree, preserves and presents the individuality of voices and of many instruments. This selection (of the phonograph) does not imply any lack of utility or of artistic merit in the various makes of piano-players. They are, indeed, as we have said, indispensable. Some of them preserve with the most astonishing degree of fidelity all the characteristics of the individual player. Thus it is possible, literally, to witness a photographic reproduction of the playing of the world's greatest pianists, recorded in some instances so faithfully that even little devices of touch and of pedal use are instantly recognized. Furthermore, the piano-player serves better than the phonograph to acquaint us not only with piano music itself but with the great literature of orchestral music—sympho-

nies, symphonic poems, overtures, orchestral suites, and the like. While these forms reproduced by the phonograph present somewhat the orchestral coloring of the instruments, they are incapable of giving them in their entirety; this is due to the fact that the phonograph record is limited to approximately a five-minute run. With the piano-player mechanism no such limitation obtains (as to length), though, naturally, a reproduction of the orchestral coloring is impossible.

Science and invention have made it possible for us to participate, to a large degree, through these instruments, in the world's best music. Their records and rolls become, therefore, as necessary in the home and school as a collection of the world's best books. To a degree that is amazingly vital they permit us to listen to performances of music as they take place in the great art centres of the world. The famous soloist sings for us with all the artistic power and perception that she exhibits in the world's opera houses; and not alone this participation, but in addition we may enjoy a degree of intimate acquaintance with the individuality of the great artists that is truly marvellous. They live for us in the school-room as essentially as they do for the public in the concert hall. We have but to place the record upon the revolving table, adjust the tone-arm, and, as if by magic, the mechanism itself disappears and the artist emerges.

Thus there may come into every school and home the most distinguished visitors,

always ready to perform their great art for us in the greatest way. This places at the disposal of teacher and parent that which is no less than an Arabian Night's wonder for the delight and instruction of children and themselves. The heroes of history, the characters of fiction, the messages of all literature can scarcely be said to make so direct an appeal as springs from the tones of the music.

Here, for example, is a list of compositions performed by the world's greatest artists, every one of which illustrates how forcibly the individuality of the artist pervades the music. Incidentally, let it be noted that in this list of records three great schools of music—the contrapuntal, classical, and romantic—are represented.

1. Bach.....Gavotte in E  
Fritz Kreisler.
2. Handel.....Honor and Arms  
David Bispham.
3. Haydn.....In Native Worth  
George Hamlin.
4. Mozart.....La Ci Darem La Mano  
Geraldine Farrar.
5. Beethoven.....Menuette in G  
Mischa Elman.
6. Schubert.....Erlkönig  
David Bispham.
7. Schumann.....Warum?  
I. J. Paderewski.
8. Mendelssohn.....On Wings of Song  
Johanna Gadski.
9. Chopin.....Polonaise in A♭  
Leopold Godowsky.
10. Wagner.....Prize Song, Meistersinger  
Leo Slezak.

## II

There are many ways of approach into the extensive and rapidly increasing disc literature, if we may so denominate it.

The teacher may elect to acquaint the children (or to suggest that they be ac-

quainted in the home) with the message of the great artists, so many of whom are represented with such intimate fidelity in the phonograph record. This is the approach along the individual pathway. In this manner one could, for example, become in no small degree acquainted with the method and manner of performance and the character of interpretation of many distinguished performers. Indeed, it may be said that for all time to come those who are capable will be able to deduce from the records of Caruso, Farrar, Sembrich, Kreisler, Bispham, Casals, Ysaye, and many others, methods of tone production, individualizations of technic, power and extent of interpretation.

Continued experience on the teacher's part with record literature will bring out the fact that certain instruments and combinations of instruments are far superior to others. For example, of instruments, the violin, cello, flute, clarinet, and harp reproduce especially well. Most voices are produced with some degree of satisfaction; but those that are naturally throaty and heavy will be found to reproduce with exaggeration of these two conditions. Voices that are light, high, and thin not only exaggerate these conditions in the record but are apt to come out sharp—that is, above pitch. For the most part, however, voices will be found to reproduce effectively.

No one can listen even to the truly great records without detecting these differences of effects. They are often emphasized when instruments or voices, or both, are combined. And yet some remarkable records (of these combinations) have been made, and their quality seems constantly to be improving.

The teacher will find it easy enough to secure great solo records. In the matter of instrumental or vocal combinations records vary a great deal. If the teacher will study the following list she will learn

to appreciate records of instruments (or voices) in combination:

1. Mendelssohn.....Wedding March  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
2. Grieg.....Spring  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
3. Haydn.....Largo (From Quartette in B)  
String Quartette.
4. Beethoven.....Trio in C maj.  
(Flute, Clarinet, and Bassoon.)
5. Handel.....Hallelujah Chorus  
Victor Chorus and Orchestra.

These are but a few of an extensive repertoire illustrating quality of tonal combinations.

Records illustrating combinations of *solo* voices stand out significantly in their high degree of quality. Some of these records are expensive, but are well worth adding to any record collection on the score of quality and beauty. The teacher will find other records of solo voices in combination at a more moderate price:

1. Duet.....Au Clair de la Lune  
Farrar and Clement.
2. Trio.....From Faust  
Caruso, Scotti, Journet.
3. Quartette.....From Rigoletto  
Caruso, Scotti, Sembrich, Severina.
4. Quintette.....From The Masked Ball
5. Sextette.....From Lucia
6. Choruses:  
Bridal Chorus, Lohengrin.  
Spinning Chorus, Flying Dutchman.  
Anvil Chorus, Trovatore.

Showing combinations of solo instruments:

1. Flute and clarinette, Carmen, 3d Entr'acte.
2. Violin, harp, and flute, Schubert, Serenade.
3. Violin, cello, and piano, Reissiger, Trio  
Op. 35.
4. Violin, cello, and harp, Dvořák, Humoresque.
5. String quartette, Beethoven, Op. 18, No. 4.

While these few selections are made from literally thousands upon thousands of existing records, teachers and parents will find it to their advantage to experiment a little in the various classes of records to discover which are in any degree superior in point of faithful recording and reproduction.

### III

It is possible by combining readings about the composer, and about the work itself as a whole, to secure a remarkably faithful impression of many of the operas. However, it is generally true that when a large number of records of any one opera are brought together, they betray lack of uniformity as a group. Students of music history and of the works of the individual great composers will find some valuable illustrative material among records, though little that pertains to the earlier periods of composition; and usually little that illustrates the work of specific composers. In respect to the subject of national music, a large amount of material is available, even including records of China, Japan, India, Burma, and other Oriental countries.

As we instanced above, the ways of approach into the study of phonograph records are numerous, and, if the study be pursued with earnestness and distinctiveness of purpose, perhaps one way is as good as another. If the teacher who is pressed for time will undertake, through observation-study in record playing, to raise up in the child's consciousness (1) responsiveness to tonal beauty; (2) increasing ability to comprehend tonal messages; (3) and along with these a comprehension of music essentials—Melody, Harmony, the grouping of subjects (Form), Rhythm, and the metrical basis—she will find that these three bases constitute a line of operation which will per-



mit her to use almost any good record purposefully, and at the same time to build up the faculty of music taste and appreciation.

It is always essential, however, in pursuing such a line of work as is here suggested, that the class shall never be permitted to listen passively. They must be actively engaged in the pursuit of an object; kept keenly alive *to what is actually going on in the aural field of consciousness*. In this manner every record will yield a maximum of benefit and of pleasure. Again, when these preliminaries have been sufficiently practiced, or, as they are being practiced, the teacher may invite expression of opinion as to the message of the music, particularly in the case of compositions (the Peer Gynt Suite, for example) where a programmatic basis has actually been established by the composer.

But the fact should never be lost to sight that the art of music depends primarily not upon mental pictures or upon other imaginative factors, for its meaning; its essential purpose is to express pleasure through beauty of tone. If the teacher will play the Beethoven Minuet in G (as performed by Mischa Elman) she will have at hand an interesting example of rhythmic unity, of forceful mensural stress, and of pronounced beauty of tone that lifts the consciousness of the listener entirely above any programmatic element. So too with the Pablo Casal's record of the Spanish Dance by Granados. Here again, while the rhythm has an entrancing individuality, the melody a turn into unsuspected harmonic color, the whole effect of the music lies in the exquisite beauty of tone that the artist wins from his instrument.

The point we are attempting to establish here is that the moment the teacher has determined upon any line of study in respect of music—whether historical, national, by forms, by individual composers,

or what not—the factors which come before the child's consciousness for recognition are necessarily few, and they should always make their appeal primarily through the portals leading to appreciation of tonal beauty.

#### IV

It is interesting, both in the school and the home, to give music the value of arrangement which comes when an orderly and systematic alignment of resources is made. This makes it possible to formulate programs of interesting variety.

In the average grammar school there are usually available, besides the varied capacity of the phonograph, unison chorus singing, part singing, solo singing, the performance upon an instrument by pupils who are studying privately. It is a nice art so to combine these factors as to produce a unified group offering, at once, interest in each individual number and variety in the sequence. This is the simple and yet, in another sense, extremely difficult art in program-making. Here, for example, is a program which offers nine numbers. It opens with an interest-compelling orchestral selection, and includes almost as many varieties of music forms as there are numbers. There is no sameness from number to number; in fact, almost as much contrast exists as is possible, and yet the program as a whole is unified.

1. Mendelssohn.....Wedding March  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
2. —————.....Unison Chorus  
Pupils of the School.
3. Granados.....Spanish Dance  
Pablo Casals, Cellist.
4. (a) Rachmaninoff.....Prelude C  $\sharp$  Min.  
(b) Schubert-Taussig .....Marche Militaire  
Josef Hofmann, Pianist.
5. Verdi.....Quintette (The Masked Ball)  
Caruso, Hempel, Duchene, Rother, De Segurola.

6. \_\_\_\_\_ Instrumental Music  
By Pupils of the School.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ Hungarian Dance  
Ysaye.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ Unison Choruses  
Students of the Grade.
9. Haydn..... Military Symphony  
Orchestra.

With some study and experiment one can soon learn to arrange skilfully a group of several compositions which form a coherent sequence, which offer variety, and which use some or all of the resources at hand. In respect of the use of school programs thus made it is only necessary to suggest that besides programs of the assembly-period, or the occasional after-school music hour, they pertain especially well to holidays, festival days, birthdays of poets, statesmen, and musicians; and they may be made to celebrate occasions of local town history and activity.

While programs for home performance may be constructed in the manner here suggested for schools, they have in a sense quite another purpose. While national holidays may be celebrated more particularly in the school, days of family importance, that is, birthdays, name-days, days of festivals and of memorial significance, and the like demand their own recognition.

It is suggested to the teacher to study somewhat the question as to how the

cause of music in schools may be benefited as she undertakes, in a simple way, to become sponsor and director of home music activity. This may be done either directly with the children in the school-room, or with the parents as they meet with the teacher in council. Public-school music will never fail to benefit greatly by even the simplest organization of home music activity. One has but to study the factors for a moment to be convinced that in most homes an unusual amount of music activity may be carried on if only some one will undertake to exploit what lies at hand.

It is the common experience that purchasers of mechanical instruments first revel in the cheap and tawdry types of popular music, that they soon tire of these and long for the better classes of music. Ordinarily, however, many do not know what such music is, nor have they means at hand for locating it; that is, in purchasing they know not what to specify. The result is that the phonograph becomes a disused possession, an investment that does not pay. If the teacher will take it upon herself to help in the determination of good, though simple and easily understood music, she will have contributed no small part to the upbuilding of a well-founded musical taste as the common possession of our people.



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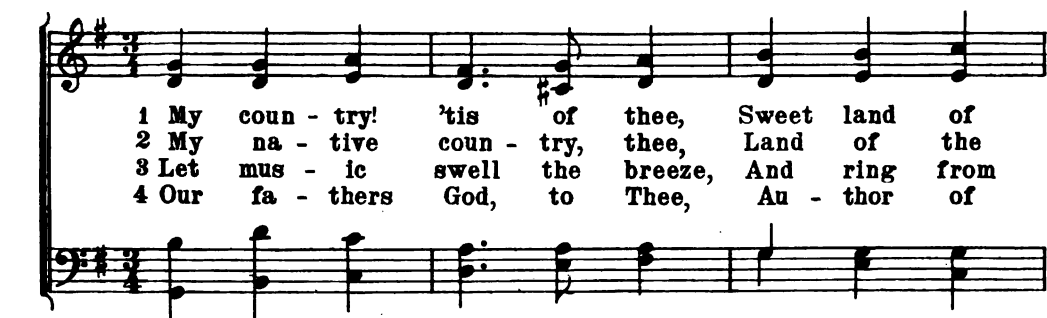


## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## America

S. F. SMITH

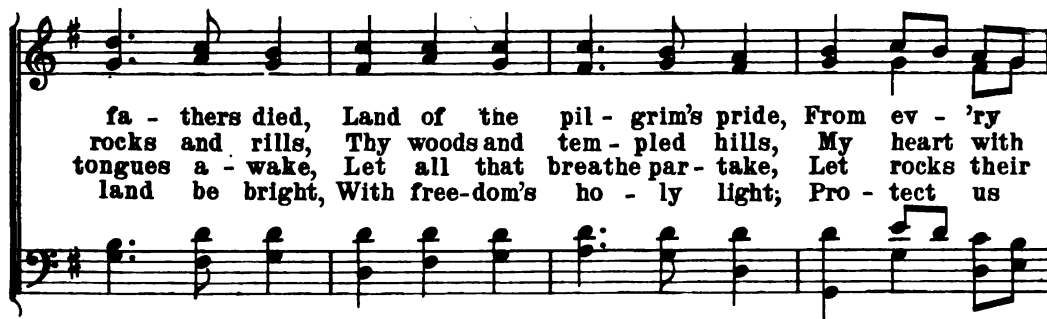
HENRY CAREY



1 My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of  
 2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the  
 3 Let mus - ic swell the breeze, And ring from  
 4 Our fa - thers God, to Thee, Au - thor of



lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 all the trees Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal  
 li - ber - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with  
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their  
 land be bright, With free - dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us



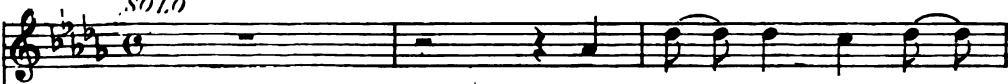
moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!  
 rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 by Thy might, Great God, our King. A - men.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## A Capital Ship


arr. by B.D. Allen

*SOLO*



1 A cap-i - tal ship for an  
 2 The bo - swain's mate was  
 3 The cap - tain sat on the  
 4 All nau-ti - cal pride we  
 5 On Rug - bug bark, from

*Allegro comodo*

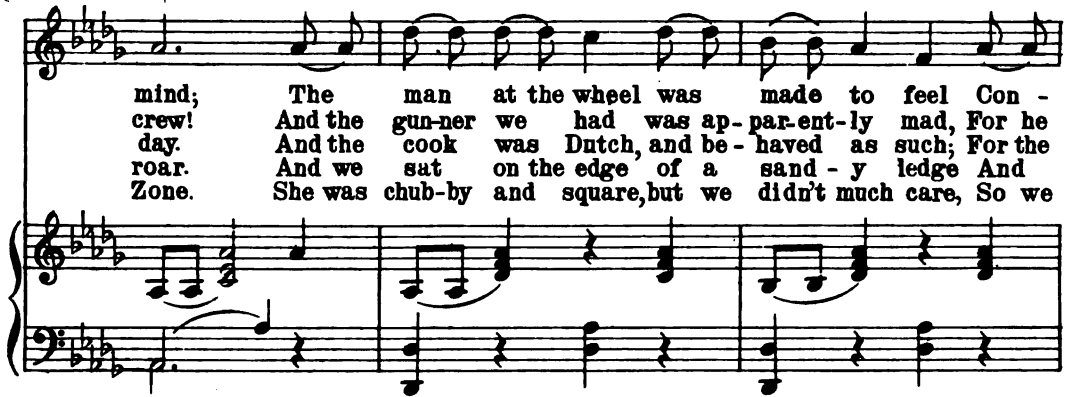


*Ped. simili*

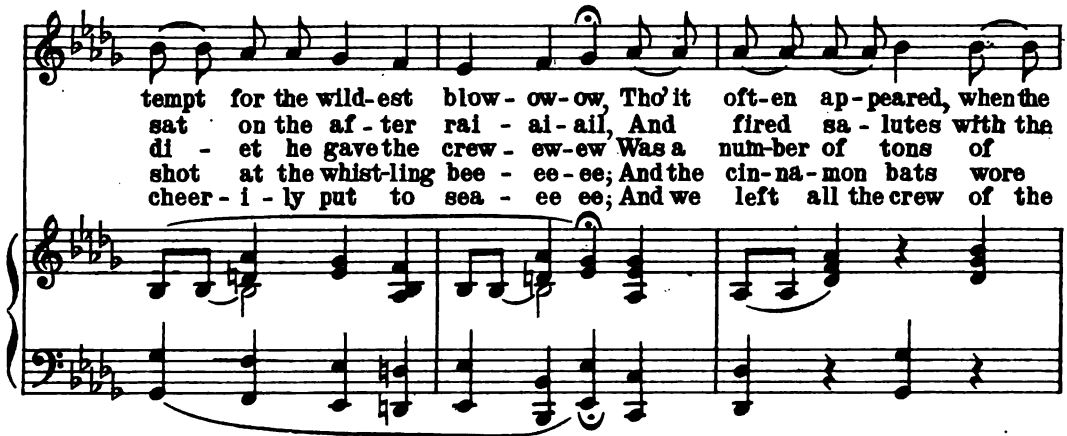
o - cean trip, Was the Wal - lop - ing Win - dow Blind! No  
 ver - y se - date, Yet fond of a - muse - ment too; He  
 com - mo - dore's hat And dined, in a roy - al way, Off  
 laid a - side, And we ran the ves - sel a - shore On the  
 morn till dark, We dined till we all had grown Un -

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or troubled the cap - tain's  
 played hop scotch with the star - board watch, While the captain, he tick - led the  
 toast - ed pigs and pick - les and figs And gun - ner - y bread each  
 Gul - li - by Isles, where the Poo - poo smiles, And the rub - bly Ub - dugs  
 com - mon - ly shrunk, when a Chi - nese junk Came up from the Tor - ri - by

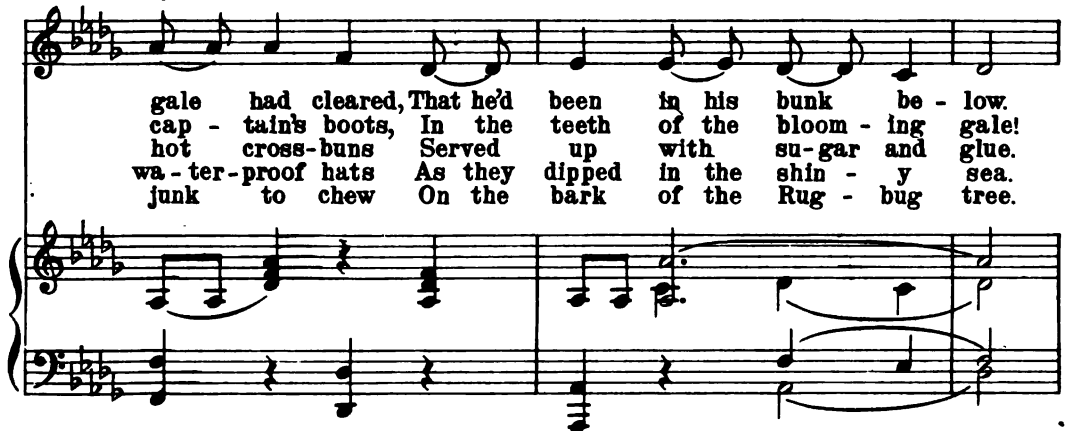
## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS



mind;      The man at the wheel was made to feel Con -  
 crew!      And the gun-ner we had was ap-par-ent-ly mad, For he  
 day.      And the cook was Dutch, and be-haved as such; For the  
 roar.      And we sat on the edge of a sand - y ledge And  
 Zone.      She was chub-by and square, but we didn't much care, So we



tempt for the wild-est blow - ow-ow, Tho' it oft-en ap-peared, when he  
 sat on the af-ter rai - ai-ail, And fired sa - lutes with the  
 di - et he gavethe crew - ew-ew Was a num-ber of tons of  
 shot at the whist-ling bee - ee-ee; And the cin-na-mon bats wore  
 cheer - i - ly put to sea - ee ee; And we left all the crew of the



gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.  
 cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the bloom - ing gale!  
 hot cross-buns Served up with su-gar and glue.  
 wa-ter-proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.  
 junk to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.

*f* **Unison CHORUS**



Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho!      A - rov - ing I will go      I'll



## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

stay no more on Eng - land's shore, So let the mus - ic

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'stay no more on Eng - land's shore, So let the mus - ic'.

play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morn - ing train! I'll

The second system continues the melody. It includes tempo markings: *rit* (ritardando) above the first measure and *a tempo* above the eighth measure. The lyrics are 'play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morn - ing train! I'll'.

cross the rag - ing main! I'm off to my love with a

The third system continues the melody. It includes a dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) above the fifth measure. The lyrics are 'cross the rag - ing main! I'm off to my love with a'.

box - ing glove, Ten thou - sand miles a - way.

The fourth system concludes the melody. It includes a dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) above the fifth measure. The lyrics are 'box - ing glove, Ten thou - sand miles a - way.'

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Harvest Home

JOHN DRYDEN

HENRY PURCELL

Cheerfully

Our oats they are hoed and our bar - ley's reap'd, Our  
We've cheat - ed the par - son, we'll cheat him a - gain, For

*mf*

hay it is mow'd and our hov - els heap'd; Come, boys, come;  
why should the vic - ar have one in ten? One in ten,

come, boys, come; And mer - ri - ly roar out har - vest home!  
one in ten, For why should the vic - ar have one in ten?

CHORUS

Har-vest home! Har-vest home! We'll mer-ri - ly roar out har-vest home!  
One in ten, One in ten, For why should the vic-ar have on in ten?

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Weel May The Keel Row

Lyric Traditional

English Folk Tune (Polly Miller)



As I cam' thro' Sand-gate, thro' Sand-gate, thro'  
 "He wears a blue bon-net, blue bon-net, blue



Sand-gate, As I cam' thro' Sand-gate, I heard a las-sie  
 bon-net, He wears a blue bon-net—A dim-ple in his



sing: "Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,  
 chin. Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,



Weel may the keel row, that my lad-die's in.



Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,



Weel may the keel row that my lad-die's in."

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Eriskay Melody

*(for local words see Preface)*

*By permission of Boosey & Co.,  
of whom accom. can be obtained*

## O'er The Distant Lonely Mountains

Russian Melody

*(for local words see Preface)*

From "One Hundred Folks Songs of All Nations"  
*By permission of Oliver Ditson Company*

## Cornish May Song

ALEXANDER BOSWELL

*Allegro*

*mf* *dim* *p*

1. Ye maids of Helston,  
2. Ye youths who own love's

ga - ther dew, While yet the morn - ing breez - es blow; The  
ard - ent pow'r, To yon - der shel - ter'd bank re - pair, There

fai - ry rings are fresh and new, Then can - tious mark them  
seek the ear - ly op - 'ning flow'r, To deck the bo - soms

**CHORUS**

as you go. A - rise, a - rise, a - wake to joy, The  
of the fair.

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## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

sky - lark hails the dawn of day, Care get thee hence, from

Hel - ston fly! For mirth rules here the morn of May.

3. Or from the thicket in the glade  
Go pluck with speed the hawthorn bough,  
And twine a wreath to deck the maid  
Who has thy troth and plighted vow.  
Arise & c.
4. If on your way some drudge you meet,  
Who lifts the spade, or drives the team,  
Aloft in the air the culprit seat,  
And bear him quickly to the stream.  
Arise, & c.
5. There let him o'er the current vault,  
From bank to bank with active bound,  
Or plunging wash away the fault,  
And trip with you the merry round.  
Arise, & c.
6. With song and dance, in festive band,  
Each happy lad may lead his lass,  
With mirthful smiles and hand in hand.  
O'er ev'rythreshold freely pass.  
Arise, & c.
7. Though ages close, and manners fade,  
And ancient revels pass away,  
In Helston, let it not be said,  
Forgotten is sweet Flora-day.  
Arise, & c.

# Dance Song from Jutland

Words imitated from  
the Danish by HENRY F. GILBERT

Danish



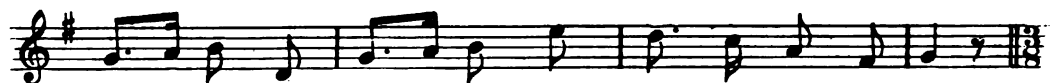
- 1 Good eve - ning, good eve - ning to ev - 'ry one that's here.
- 2 What was it? what was it? you play'd to us just now.
- 3 O Ste - phen, the pol - ka, I can - not dance I fear.



To fa - thers and moth - ers and sis - ters and broth - ers, Well  
How can we a - mid so much shout - ing and laugh - ter Keep  
I'd rath - er sit talk - ing than go a - bout walk - ing A -



all be as jol - ly as jol - ly can be; So  
time to your mus - ic as whirl - ing we go; So  
mong boys and girls who so clum - sy ap - pear; So



strike up a waltz tune, your fid - dle let us hear.  
strike up a waltz tune, dont spare the fid - dle bow.  
strike up a waltz tune, your fid - dle let us hear.

Waltz tempo



Tra - la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra - la, la, la, la, la, la,



Tra - la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la!

# The Jasmine Flower

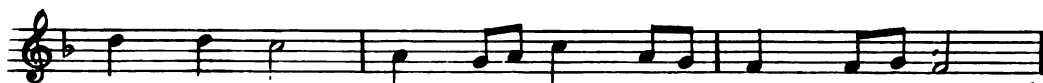
Chinese Melody



See this branch of sweet est flow'rs,  
Sweet - est blos - som of the year,



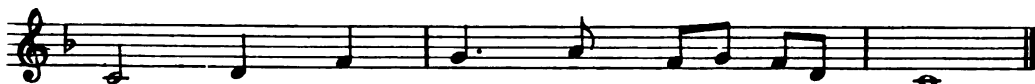
Plucked at morn from dew - y bowers, Sent to me by  
In the plot with - out a peer, En - vious eyes I'll



friend - ly hand, Bear - ing love and sweet com - mand,  
sure - ly meet, If I bear thee through the street,



With com - pan - ions thee I'll bind, And at home con -

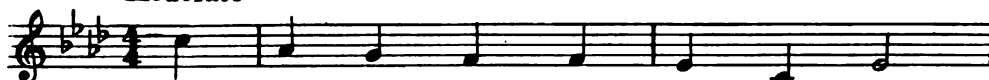


tent - ment, at home con - tent - ment find.

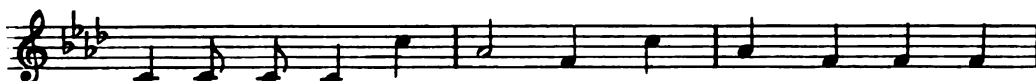


# The Tailor and the Mouse

Moderato



1. There was a tai - lor had a mouse,
2. The tai - lor thought the mouse was ill,
3. The tai - lor thought his mouse would die,



Hi did - dle un - kum fee - dle! They liv'd to - geth - er  
He gave him part of  
He baked him in an



in one house,  
a blue pill, Hi did - dle un - kum fee - dle!  
ap - ple pie,

CHORUS or REFRAIN



Hi did - dle un - kum tar - um tan - tum



Through the town of Ram - say, Hi did - dle un - kum



o - ver the lea, Hi did - dle un - kum fee - dle.

4. The pie was cut, the mouse ran out,  
Hi diddle etc  
The tailor followed him about,  
Hi diddle etc.

REFRAIN

5. The tailor found his mouse was dead,  
Hi diddle etc.  
So he caught another in his stead,  
Hi diddle etc.

REFRAIN

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

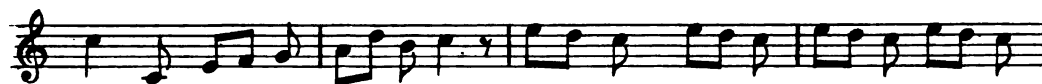
## Hunting the Hare



Ov - er hill and plain they're bound - ing, Thro' the air they  
When the days glad sport is ov - er, Seat - ed in the



seem to fly! Hark! the mer - ry horn is sound - ing,  
Bar - on's hall, 'Round the fes - tive board dis - cov - er



List! the hun - ter's jo - vial cry! Now through din - gle, dell and hol - low,  
Gal - lant hun - ters one and all. Laugh - ing loud - ly, jok - ing, sing - ing,



Dart they on at fear - less pace, Oh, what joy the  
As the wine goes 'round a - pace, While the an - cient



hounds to fol - low! There's no plea - sure like the chase.  
roof is ring - ing With the glo - ries of the chase!

# The Cabbage Pie

Bulgarian

Chan-ti-cleer right ear-ly crew, Chan-ti-cleer right ear-ly crew,  
And woke up the grand-moth - er, And woke up the grand-moth - er

- 2 He woke up the grandmother, To mix up a cabbage pie.
- 3 While she mixed the cabbage pie, She used up a sack of flour.
- 4 While she rolled the upper crust, Fifty rolling pins gave out.
- 5 While she baked the cabbage pie, She used up a cord of wood.
- 6 What a monster pie it was, Nine feet broad and nine feet deep.
- 7 When at last the pie was cut, Hush! a groan was heard within.
- 8 All cried out, "It is a frog," But the priest said, "No! a bear!"
- 9 Quickly each grabbed up a scythe, But the priest picked up an axe.
- 10 All ran off into the woods, Daddy priest ate up the pie.

*By permission of W. W. Sleeper*

*who took down the melody, and made the translation*

# Tommy's Gone Away

**SOLO** Tom-my's gone, what shall I do? **CHORUS** Tom-my's gone a - way,

**SOLO** Tom-my's gone, what shall I do? **CHORUS** Tom-my's gone a - way.

From English Folk Chanteys

*By permission of Cecil J Sharp*

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Mary and Martha

Negro Melody

Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone a-long, Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's  
just gone a-long, Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone a-long To  
ring those charm-ing bells, Cry-ing, free grace and dy-ing love,  
Free grace and dy-ing love, free grace and dy-ing love, To  
ring those charm-ing bells. Oh, way o-ver Jor-dan, Lord, way o-ver  
Jor-dan, Lord, Way o-ver Jor-dan, Lord, To ring those charm-ing bells.

My father and mother's just gone along, etc.

To ring those charming bells.

CHO. - Crying, free grace, etc.

# Flow Gently Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS



Flow gent-ly sweet Afton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gent - ly, I'll  
How loft-y sweet Afton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the  
Thy crys-tal stream, Aft-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the



sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy  
cours-es of clear wind-ing rills; There dai - ly I wan-der, as  
cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How want-on thy wa-ters her



mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af-ton, dis - turb not her  
morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma-ry's sweet cot in my  
snow-y feet lave, As gath-'ring sweet flow-erets, she stems thy clear



dream. Thou stock-dove, whose e- cho re-sounds from the hill, Ye wild whist-ling  
eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-low, Where wild in the  
wave! Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, sweet



black-birds in yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy  
wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild eve-ning creeps  
riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy



scream-ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum-ber-ing fair  
o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.  
mur - mur-ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis-turb not her dream

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## My Banjo

Italian Melody

Tra la la la la, My ban-jo is say - ing Tra la la la  
Tra la la la la, The danc-ers are sway - ing Tra la la la

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

la, To sound of my play - ing, Tra la la la la, Old friends are the  
la, To sound of my play - ing, Tra la la la la, Old friends are the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*Fine.*  
dear - est, Come, my banjo, we'll sing to them all. Tra la la la la la  
dear - est, Come, my banjo, we'll sing to them all. Tra la la la la la

The third system concludes with the word "Fine." above the vocal line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*rit. D.C.*  
la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la  
*rit.*

The fourth system is a repeat of the previous system, marked with "rit." and "D.C." (Da Capo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

# When the King enjoys his own again

MARTIN PARKER

The King's Delight

What *Book-er* doth prog - nos - ti - cate Con -  
 There's nei - ther *Swai-low* Doves nor Dads Can  
 Full for - ty years this roy - al crown Hath  
 Cheerfully

cern-ing kings or king-dom's fate, I think my-self to  
 soar more high or deep-er wade, Nor show a rea-son  
 been his fa-ther's and his own, And is there an-y

be as wise As he that gaz-eth on the skies; My  
 from the stars, What caus-eth peace or civ-il wars: The  
 one but he That in the same should shar-er be? For

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

skill goes be-yond the depth of a Pond Or Riv-ers in the  
man in the moon may wear out his shoon, By run-ning af - ter  
who bet-ter may the scep-tre sway Than he that hath such

great - est rain; Where - - by I can tell, all  
Charles his brain; But all's to no end, for the  
right to reign? Then let's hope for a peace, for the

things will be well, When the King en- joys his own a- gain  
times will not mend, Till the King en- joys his own a- gain  
wars will not cease, Till the King en- joys his own a- gain

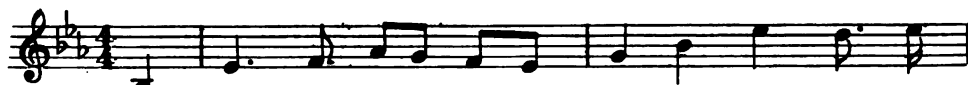
"This has been declared the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Invented to support the declining interest of Charles I, it served after wards with more success to keep up the spirits of the Cavaliers and promote the Restoration of his Son, an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the Revolution (of 1688) it ofcourse became an adherent of the exiled family, whose cause it never deserted" Joseph Ritson The air sometimes claimed as Welsh, is in Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol (1652) and Elizabeth Rogers Virginal Book. Ms(1656)



# The Minstrel Boy

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Folk Tune



The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the  
The min - strel fell; but the foe - man's chain Could not



ranks of death you'll find — him; His fa - ther's sword he has  
bring his proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er



gird - ed on, And his wild harp's slung be - hind — him.  
spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der, And



"Land of Song!" said the war-rior-bard, "Though all the world be -  
said: "No chains shall sul - ly thee Thou soul of love and



trays — thee, One sword at least, thy —  
brav - er - y! Thy songs were made for the



rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise — thee!"  
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - er - y!"

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## From Oberon in Fairyland

Dulcinea

Un poco Allegro

From O - ber - on in  
More swift than light - ning

*p leggiero*

Fair - y - land, The king of ghosts and shad - ows there,  
can I fly, A - bout this air - y wel - kin soon, And

*p*

Mad Rob-in I, at his com - mand, Am sent to view the  
in a min - ute's space, des - cry Each thing that's done be -

night-sports here; What rev - el rout is kept a - bout, In  
low the moon There's not a hag, Nor ghosts shall wag, Nor

*dim.*

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

ev - 'ry cor - ner where I go, I will o'er-see and mer - ry be, And  
cry gob - lin where I do go; But Rob - in I their feats will spy, And

make good sport, with ho! ho! ho!  
fear them home, with ho! ho! ho!

*mf* *p* *mf* *decresc* *Dal* *%*

3

If any wanderers I meet,  
That from their night-sports do trudge home,  
With counterfeiting voice I greet,  
And cause them on with me to roam,  
Through woods, through lakes,  
Through bogs, through brakes,  
O'er bush and briar, with them I go;  
I call upon  
Them to come on  
And wend me laughing, ho! ho! ho!

4

Sometimes I meet them like a man,  
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;  
And to a horse I turn me can,  
To trip and trot about them round;  
But if to ride  
My back they stride,  
More swift than wind away I go;  
O'er hedge and lands,  
Through pools and ponds  
I whirry, laughing, ho! ho! ho!

5

By wells and gills, in meadows green,  
We nightly dance our hey day guise;  
And to our fairy king and queen  
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies,  
When larks 'gin sing  
Away we fling,  
And babes new-born steal as we go,  
An elf in bed  
We leave instead,  
And wend us laughing, ho! ho! ho!

6

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I  
Thus nightly revel'd to and fro;  
And, for my pranks, men call me by  
The name of Robin Good fellow;  
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,  
That haunt the nights,  
The hags and goblins do me know;  
And belldames old  
My feats have told  
So *Vale, Vale*; ho! ho! ho!

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## The Harp that once through Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Folk Tune

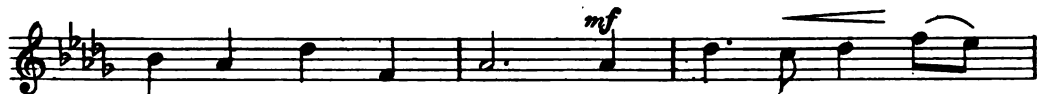
Andante



The harp that once thru Ta - ra's halls The  
No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The



soul of mus - ic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As  
harp of Ta - ra swells: The chord a - lone that breaks at night, It's



if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of  
tale of ru - in tells. Thus free - dom now so



for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er. And  
sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is



hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.  
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

# Good - morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day

Old English

*Con espressione*

1. Good mor - row, 'tis Saint  
2. The dawn is here, a -

Val - en-tine's day, All in the morn - ing time, — And  
rise my dear, And ope your case - ment wide, — The

I a maid at your win-dow, To be your Val-en - tine. —  
day is con - se - crate to love, And I to be your bride. —

# We be three poor Mariners

**Boldly**

Old English, from "Deuteromella"

1. We be three poor  
2. We care not for those

mar - in - ers, Just come from off the seas; We  
mar - tial men, That do our states dis - dain, But

spend our lives in jeo - pard - y, While oth - ers live in ease.  
we care for the mer - chant men, Who do our states main - tain.

## CHORUS

Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round, Shall  
To them we dance the round, the round, the round, To

*col 8<sup>va</sup> to the end*

we go dance] the round, the round, the round, And he that is a  
them we dance]

bul - ly\* boy, Come pledge me on this ground, a-ground, a-ground.

\* Implying friendly admiration; good friend, fine fellow.

## Sing, Sing Together

## Three Part Round

I  
Sing, sing to geth er, Mer ri ly, mer ri ly sing,

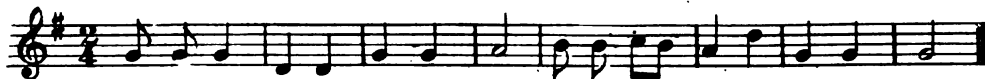
II  
Sing, sing to geth er, Mer ri ly, mer ri ly sing, sing, sing, sing, sing!

III

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Baby's Play Song

South India\*



1. Clap your hands, Ba-by, Clap your hands, clap your hands, Ba-by, clap your hands.  
*Ki - vis - su, Ba - bo, ki - vis - su, ki - vis - su, Ba - bo, ki - vis - su.*

2. Shake your head, Baby, shake your head: *Repeat*  
*Thulli artu, Baho; thulli artu Repeat*

3. Fold your arms, Baby, fold your arms: *Repeat*

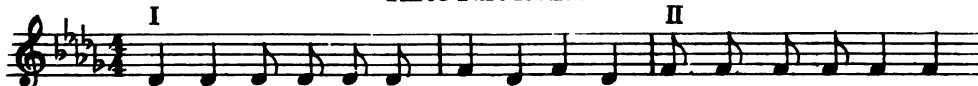
4. [Shut your eyes, Baby, shut your eyes;  
 Shut your eyes, Baby, go to sleep.

\* Actions suit the words, the baby imitating the mother in clapping hands, shaking head etc.

*By permission of Miss Frances Jeffrey who took down the melody and made the translation*

## Rainy Days

Three Part Round



See! the rain-drops now are gent - ly fall - ing, Now they're com - ing fast - er,



Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Fast - er yet and fast - er come they



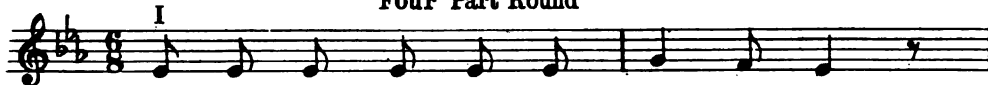
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pat.

From Fifty five Rounds & Canons Compiled by Sara L. Dunning

*By permission of G. Schirmer*

## Merrily, Merrily

Four Part Round



Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn,



Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn. Hark! to the ech - oes!



Hear them play O'er hill and dale and far a - way.

From Fifty five Rounds & Canons. Compiled by Sara L. Dunning

*By permission of G. Schirmer*



# Robin Hood, Robin Hood, said Little John

Poco Allegretto

16th Century Air

Rob - in Hood, Rob - in Hood, Said Lit - tle John, Come

*mp*

dance be - fore the Queen - a In a red pet - ti - coat

and a green jack - et, A white hose and — a green - a.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 8/8. The tempo is marked 'Poco Allegretto'. The first system includes the lyrics 'Rob - in Hood, Rob - in Hood, Said Lit - tle John, Come'. The second system includes 'dance be - fore the Queen - a In a red pet - ti - coat'. The third system includes 'and a green jack - et, A white hose and — a green - a.'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand, often with chords. The piece ends with a double bar line.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Maypole Dance

17th Century

Allegretto



1. Come, lass-ie and lad, be  
2. You're out, says Dick, not  
3. Good night, says Har-ry, good

blith and glad, And a - way to the May - pole hie, — For  
I, — says Nick, 'Twas the fid - dler playd it wrong, — 'Tis  
night, says Ma-ry, Good — night, — says Poll to John, — Good

ev -'ry fair has a part - ner there, And the fid - dlers standing by. —  
true, says Hugh, and so says Sue, And so says ev -'ry one. —  
night, says Sue — to stal - wart Hugh, Good night says ev -'ry one. —

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

*cresc.* *cresc.*

For Wil - lie shall dance with Jane, — And John - ny shall dance with Joan, —  
 The fid - dler then be - gan, — To play the tune a - gain, —  
 Some walk'd and some did run, — Some loit - erd on the way, —

*p* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

*f* *p*

And trip it, trip it, trip — it, trip it, Trip it up and down. —  
 And ev - 'ry girl did trip — it, trip it, Trip it to the men. —  
 And bound them selves by prom - is - es twelve, To meet the next hol - i - day. —

*f* *p*

*f* *p* *cresc.*

And trip it, trip it, trip — it, trip it, Trip it up and down. —  
 And ev - 'ry girl did trip — it, trip it, Trip it to the men. —  
 And bound themselves by prom - is - es twelve, To meet the next hol - i - day. —

*f* *p* *cresc.* *p*

*f*

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Under the Greenwood Tree

Allegro moderato

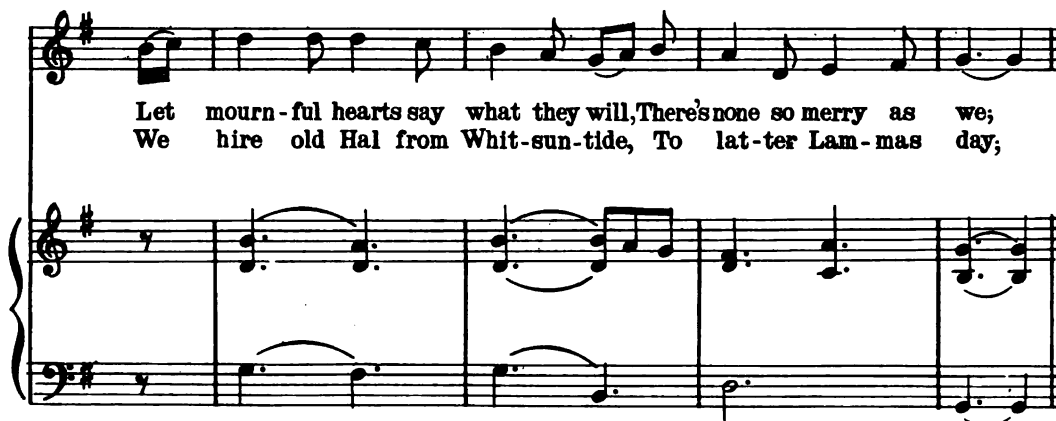
17th Century



1. In sum-mer-time when flow'rs do spring And birds sit on each tree,  
 2. Our mus-ic is a lit-tle pipe That can so sweet-ly play:



Let mourn-ful hearts say what they will, There's none so merry as we;  
 We hire old Hal from Whit-sun-tide, To lat-ter Lam-mas day;



## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

With joy - ous sound we gath - er round, Our hearts are full of glee,  
On high days and on hol - i - days To join our sport comes he,

Oh! how we skip it, ca-per and trip it Un-der the green-wood tree.  
And then we skip it, ca-per and trip it Un-der the green-wood tree.

In sum-mer-time when flow'rs do spring And birds sit on each tree,

Let mourn-ful hearts say what they will, There's none so merry as we!

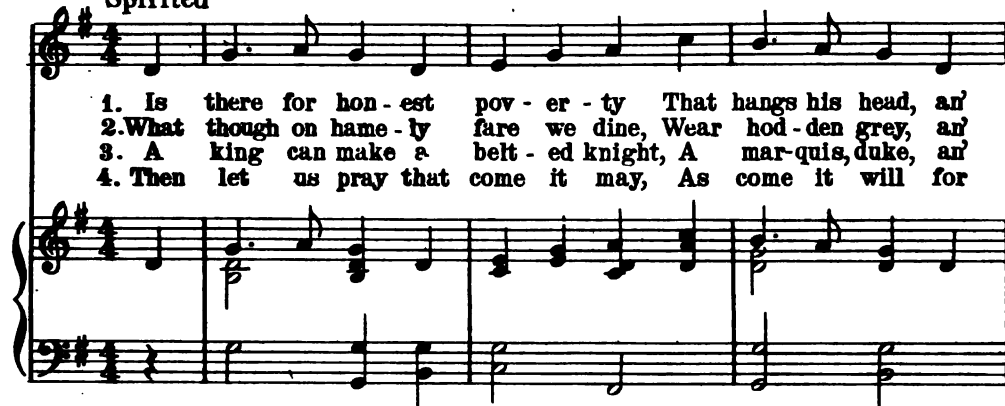
## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## A Man's a Man for a' that

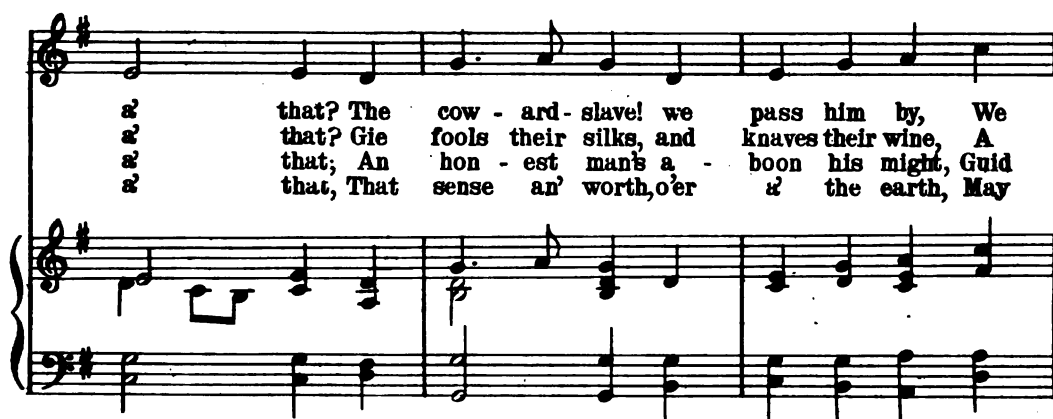
ROBERT BURNS

Old Scotch Melody

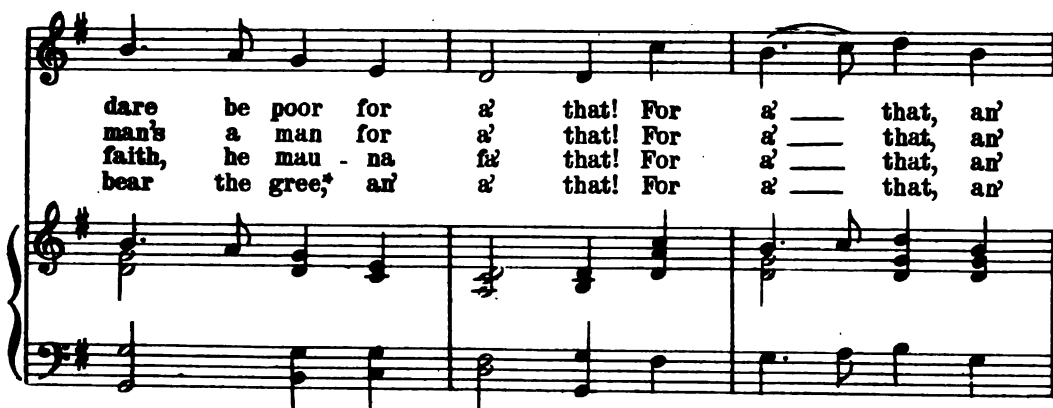
Spirited



1. Is there for hon-est pov-er-ty That hangs his head, an'  
 2. What though on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hod-den grey, an'  
 3. A king can make a belt-ed knight, A mar-quis, duke, an'  
 4. Then let us pray that come it may, As come it will for



a' that? The cow-ard-slave! we pass him by, We  
 a' that? Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A  
 a' that; An hon-est man's a - boon his might, Gild  
 a' that, That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth, May



dare be poor for a' that! For a' — that, an'  
 man's a man for a' that! For a' — that, an'  
 faith, he mau-na fa' that! For a' — that, an'  
 bear the gree,\* an' a' that! For a' — that, an'

\*Gree = Pre-eminence

a' — that, Our tolls ob - scure, an' a' that, The  
 a' — that, Their tin - sel show, an' a' that, The  
 a' — that, Their dig - ni - ties, an' a' that, The  
 a' — that, Its com - in' yet, for a' that, That

rank is but the guin - ea stamp, The man's the gowd\* for a' that.  
 hon - est man, though e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that.  
 pith o' sense, and pride o' worth, Are high - er ranks than a' that.  
 man to man, the whole world o'er, Shall bro - thers be for a' that.

\*gowd = gold

## Echo Sweet

Canon

I II  
 War - ble for us, ech - o sweet, ech - o sweet,  
 Soft - ly now our songs re - peat. Gen - tle ech - o,  
 wake from sleep, Gen - tle ech - o, clear and deep.

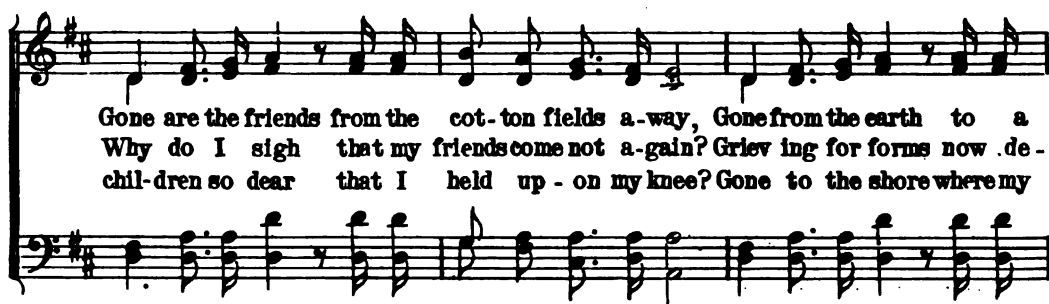
## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Old Black Joe

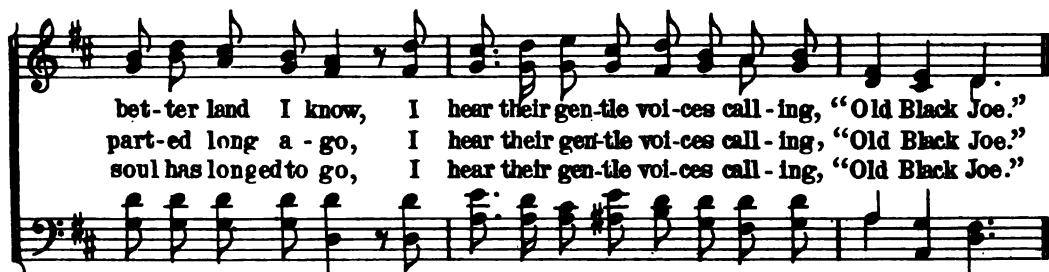
STEPHEN C. FOSTER



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The

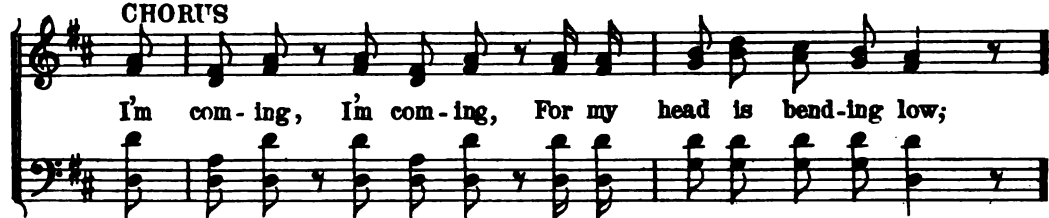


Gone are the friends from the cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a  
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Grief ing for forms now de -  
 chil - dren so dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my



bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."  
 part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."  
 soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

## CHORUS



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;



I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."



# Contentment

English Version by the Rev. J. TROUTBECK, D.D.

W. A. MOZART

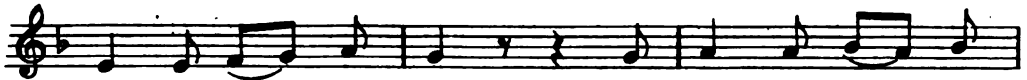
Moderato



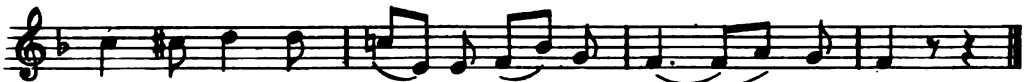
Why should I crave for goods and wealth, If I con-tent may  
So man-y own a-bun-dant store Of hous-es, lands, and



live, E-nough for me are strength and health The  
gold, And yet have al-ways cares the more, And



best that heav-en can give. With glad and thank-ful  
trou-bles man-i-fold. The more one has, the



heart I raise, At morn and eve, my song — of praise.  
more one wants, The loud-er grow one's vain — com-plaints.

## Sing Together Merrily

Five Part Round



Sing to-geth-er, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing,



mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,



mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.

## Bonnie Doon

ROBERT BURNS



1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, — How  
 2. I oft hae roved by bon - nie Doon, — To



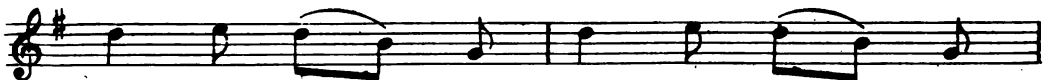
can — ye bloom — sae fresh — and fair; How —  
 see — the rose — and wood — bine twine; And —



can ye chant, — ye lit - tle birds, — And  
 \*ilk - a bird — sang o' — its love, — And



I — sae wea - ry fu' — of care! Thou'll  
 fond — ly sae — did I — of mine! Wi'



break my heart — thou war - bling bird, — That  
 light - some heart — I pud a rose, — Fu'



wan - tons through the flow - ring thorn; Thou minds me o' — de -  
 sweet up - on — its thorn - y — tree; But my fause lov - er



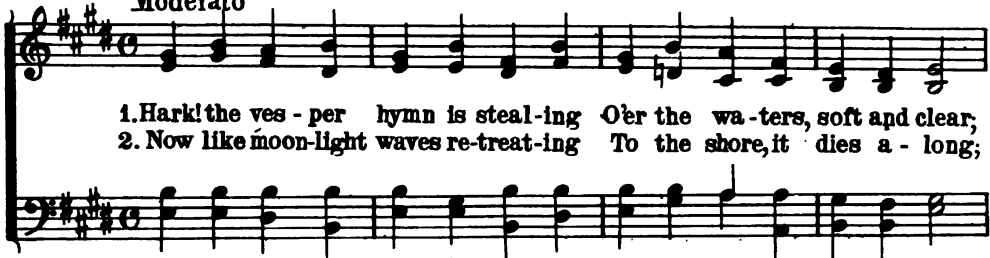
part - ed joys, — De - part - ed nev - er to — re - turn!  
 stole my rose, — But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

\* every

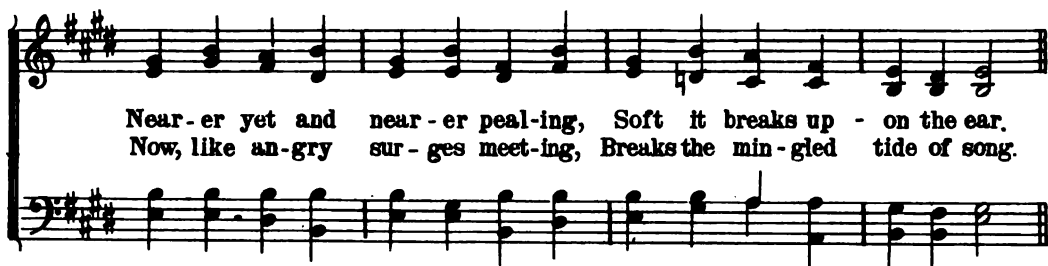
## Vesper Hymn

THOMAS MOORE

*Moderato*



1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters, soft and clear,  
2. Now like moon - light waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long;

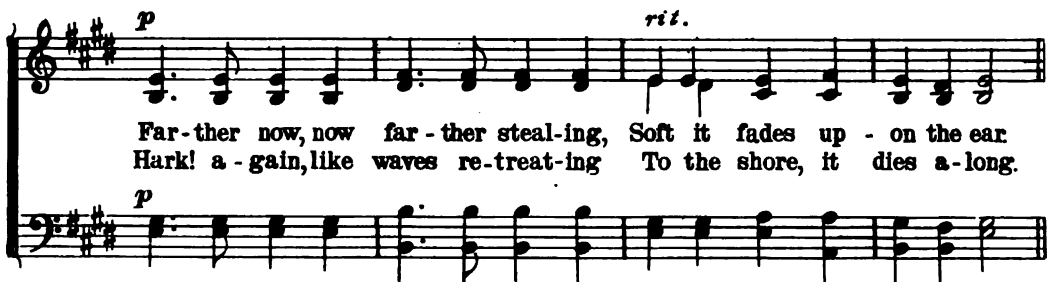


Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear.  
Now, like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.



Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.  
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

*p* *rit.*



Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
Hark! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.

*p*

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Mayfair

Andante con espressione

Gold - en slum - bers  
Care - you know not,

kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wait you when you  
there - fore sleep, While I o'er you watch do

rise; Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons, do not cry, And  
keep; Sleep, pret - ty dar - lings, do not cry, And

I will sing a lul - la - by.  
I will sing a lul - la - by.

*p* *cresc.* *p dim.*

# Evening

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN

CARL REINECKE

Moderato

1 The sun has set and night is nigh, A sin-gle  
 2 The field and wood and whisp'ring breeze, The lit-tle  
 3 Now fresh and cool the dew comes down Each blade of  
 4 The sil-ver moon is beam-ing now Up-on the

*p*

star is in the sky. Now gen-tle peace and rest re-  
 birds up-on the trees, The ve-ry rose up-on the  
 grass each flower up-on. While float-ing round us ev-ry  
 si-lent world be-low; As if to bid each trou-bled

1. 2. 3. 4.  
 pay The trou-bles of the toll-ing day.  
 thorn Are slumb'ring sweet un-til the morn.  
 where, A sub-tle fra-grance fills the air.  
 breast Lie still, lie still and be at rest.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Patriotic Hymn

MARGARET E. SANGSTER +

FANNY SNOW KNOWLTON

March tempo

1. For sow - ing and  
2. For peace and for

reap-ing, for cold and for heat, For sweets of the  
plen - ty, for free - dom, for rest, For joy in the

flow'rs and the gold of the wheat, For the ships in the  
land, from the east to the west, For the dear star-ry

+ From "Little Knights and Ladies" Copyright, 1895, by Harper Brothers  
From Nature Songs for Children Published by Milton Bradley Co.  
and used by permission

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

har - bors, for sails on the sea, Oh! Fa - ther in  
 flag, with its red, white and blue, We thank Thee from

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The piano part includes triplets in both the right and left hands. The lyrics are: "har - bors, for sails on the sea, Oh! Fa - ther in flag, with its red, white and blue, We thank Thee from".

heav - en, our songs rise to Thee, Oh!  
 hearts that are ten - der and true, We

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features more triplets. The lyrics are: "heav - en, our songs rise to Thee, Oh! hearts that are ten - der and true, We".

Fa - ther in heav - en, our songs rise to  
 thank Thee from hearts that are ten - der and

The third system continues the musical piece. The piano part includes triplets. The lyrics are: "Fa - ther in heav - en, our songs rise to thank Thee from hearts that are ten - der and".

Thee.  
 true.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The piano part features triplets and ends with a final chord. The lyrics are: "Thee. true.".

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Ceremonial Dance

*As sung by Princess Sequoyah*

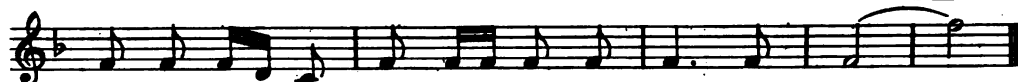
Cherokee Indians



Ge le la yah, ge le la yah, He hay you yah,



a ka wan da le yah, yea ho! yea ho! Ha na you sah

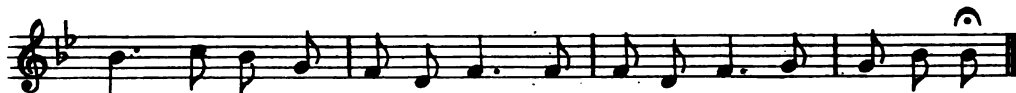


ha la nay you Oo jite yea noo he you yoh—

## Wee - wee

(Lullaby)

Cherokee Indians



The Cherokee Mother sings the syllables "wee-wee" (bye-bye) throughout this lullabye. She sometimes calls her baby a "wee-wee."

## Milking Croon

from the Hebrides  
collected by M. Kennedy - Fraser



Silk-en teth-er for my own heif-er, Rope of straw for the town-land cat - tle, Herds-man



Pat-rick and milk-maid bride, Sain and save you and shield you ev - er

By permission *Boosey & Co.*  
of whom accompaniment may be obtained



# Begone! dull care

Allegretto  $\text{♩} = 88$ .

English Air, 17th Century

1. Be-gone! dull care, — I pri-thee, be-gone from me, — Be-  
 2. Too much care — Will make a young man turn grey, — And

gone! dull care, You and I shall nev-er a-gree. — Long  
 too much care, — Will turn an old man to clay. — My

time hast thou been tar-rying here, And fain thou would'st me kill, — But I'  
 wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer-ri-ly pass the day, — For I

faith, dull care, — Thou nev-er shall have thy will. —  
 hold it one of the wis-est things To drive dull care a-way. —

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## A Good Night Song

*Written for Camp Sebago Wohelo*

Gaelic Lullaby

GRACE E. J. PARKER

1 Now our Camp Fire's burn-ing low, Wo-he-lo, Wo-he-lo;

Fa-ther, bless us ere we go, Wo-he-lo, Wo-he-lo.

2 May the lessons we learn here,  
Wohelo, Wohelo;  
Make our path thro' life more clear,  
Wohelo, Wohelo.

3 'Round Wohelo night shades fall,  
Wohelo, Wohelo;  
Now goodnight — God bless us all,  
Wohelo, Wohelo.

*By permission of Mrs. Luther H. Gulick*

## List to the Sound

Three Part Round

I  
List to the sound of the sweet eve-ning bell, Ring-ing so

II  
clear-ly from yon-der church-tow'r, Sweet-ly it ech-oes from

III  
hill-side and dell, Call-ing to pray'r at the calm eve-ning hour.

Bells, ring on! — Bells, ring on! —

# My Man John

Collected by Cecil J. Sharp

*The Lord*  
1. My man John, what can the mat - ter be, That

I should love the la - dy fair and she should not love me? She

will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear, And

nei - ther will she walk with me an - y - where.

*The Servingman:*

2. Court her, dearest Master, you court her without fear,  
And you will win the lady in the space of half a year;  
And she will be your bride, your joy and your dear,  
And she will take a walk with you anywhere.

*The Lord:*

3. O Madam, I will give to you a little greyhound,  
And every hair upon its back shall cost a thousand pound,  
If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear,  
And you will take a walk with me anywhere.

*The Lady:*

4. O, Sir, I won't accept of you a little greyhound,  
Though every hair upon its back did cost a thousand pound.  
I will not be your bride, your joy nor your dear,  
And neither will I walk with you anywhere.

*The Lord:*

5. My man John, what can the matter be,  
That I should love the lady fair and she should not love me?  
She will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear,  
And neither will she walk with me anywhere.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

*The Servingman:*

6. Court her, dearest Master, you court her without fear,  
And you will win the lady in the space of half a year,  
And she will be your bride, your joy and your dear,  
And she will take a walk with you anywhere.

*The Lord:*

7. O Madam, I will give to you a fine ivory comb,  
To fasten up your golden locks when I am not at home,  
If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear,  
And you will take a walk with me anywhere.

*The Lady:*

8. O, Sir, I won't accept of you a fine ivory comb,  
To fasten up my golden locks when you are not at home,  
I will not be your bride, your joy nor your dear,  
And neither will I walk with you anywhere.

*The Lord:*

9. My man John, what can the matter be,  
That I should love the lady fair and she should not love me?  
She will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear,  
And neither will she walk with me anywhere.

*The Servingman:*

10. Court her, dearest Master, you court her without fear,  
And you will win the lady in the space of half a year,  
And she will be your bride, your joy and your dear,  
And she will take a walk with you anywhere.

*The Lord:*

11. O Madam I will give to you the keys of my heart,  
To lock it up for ever that we never more may part,  
If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear,  
And you will take a walk with me anywhere.

*The Lady:*

12. O, Sir, I will accept of you the keys of your heart,  
I'll lock it up for ever that we never more will part,  
Then I will be your bride, your joy and your dear,  
And I will take a walk with you anywhere.

*The Lord:*

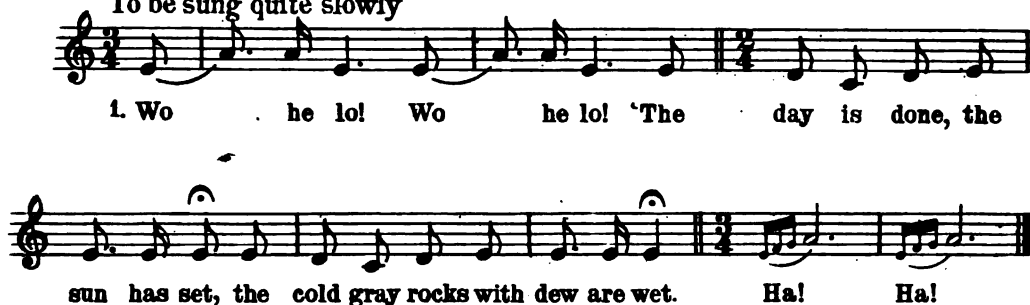
13. My man John, here's fifty pounds for thee!  
I'd never have won this lady fair if it had n't a' been for thee  
For now she'll be my bride, my joy and my dear,  
And now she'll take a walk with me anywhere.

# Loon Song

ADMONT H. CLARK

ADMONT H. CLARK

To be sung quite slowly



1. Wo he lo! Wo he lo! 'The day is done, the  
sun has set, the cold gray rocks with dew are wet. Ha! Ha!

2. Wohelo! Wohelo!

The night hawk swoops across the sky,  
The lily shuts its yellow eye.  
Ha! Ha!

3. Wohelo! Wohelo!

Lonely wail across the lea,  
Fearful shadows follow me.  
Ha! Ha!

4. Wohelo! Wohelo!

O'er the mystic midnight tide  
Like a phantom ghost I glide.  
Ha! Ha!

5. Wohelo! Wohelo!

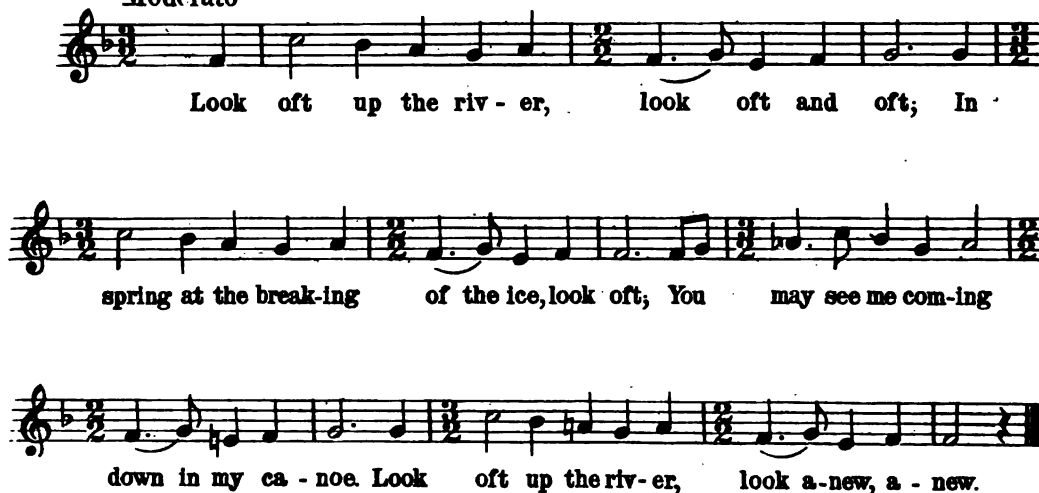
Big red moon above the water  
Shine with favor on thy daughter.  
Ha! Ha!

Written for Camp Sabago Wohelo

By permission Mrs. Luther H Gulick

## Maliseet Love Song\*

Moderato



Look oft up the riv - er, look oft and oft; In  
spring at the break-ing of the ice, look oft; You may see me com-ing  
down in my ca - noe. Look oft up the riv-er, look a-new, a - new.

\* From the Indian's Book. Copyright 1907 by Natalie Curtis

# Mowing the Barley

Collected by Cecil J. Sharp

1 A law-yer he went out one day, A - for to take his  
pleas - ure, And who should he see but some fair pret - ty maid, So  
hand - some and so clev - er? *(The Lawyer)* "Where are you go - ing to,  
my pret - ty maid, Where are you go - ing, my hon - ey?" *(The Maid)* "Go - ing  
o - ver the hills, kind sir," she said, "To my fa - ther a mow - ing the  
bar - ley." *(Together)* Mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow.

*(Together)*  
2 The lawyer he went out next day,  
A - thinking for to view her;  
But she gave him the slip and away she went,  
All over the hills to her father.  
"Where are you going to," etc.

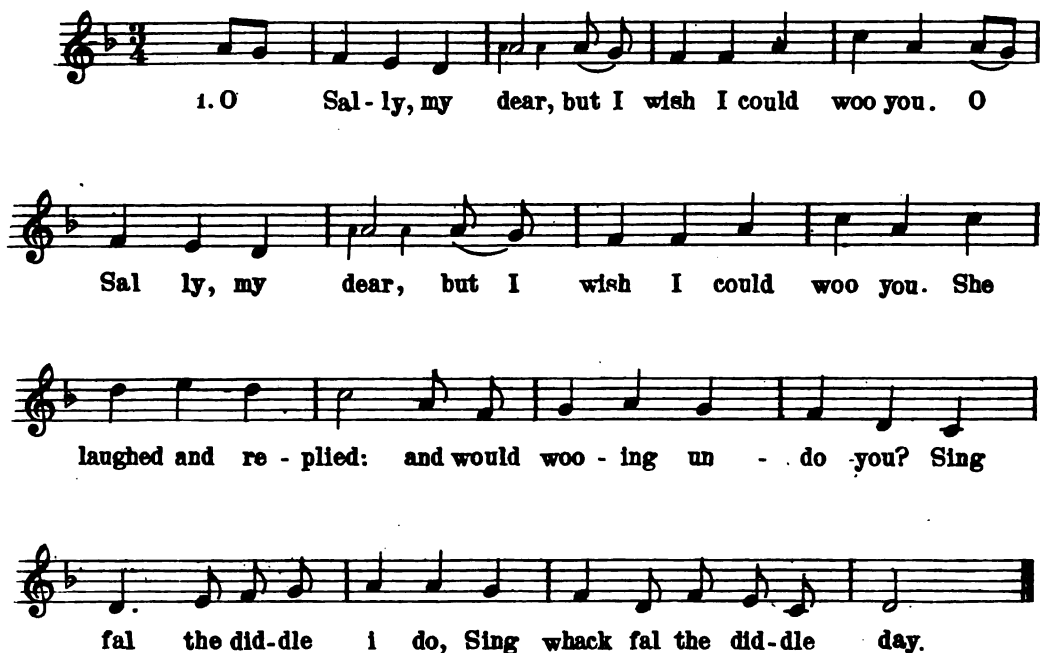
*(Together)*  
3 The lawyer had a useful nag,  
And soon he overtook her;  
He caught her around the middle so small,  
And on his horse he placed her.  
"Where are you going to," etc.

*(Together)*  
4 The lawyer told her a story bold,  
As together they were going,  
Till she quite forgot the barley field,  
And left her father a - mowing.  
"Where are you going to," etc.

*(Together)*  
5 And now she is the lawyers wife,  
And dearly the lawyer loves her,  
They live in a happy content of life,  
And well in the station above her.  
"Where are you going to," etc.

# O Sally, My Dear

Collected by CECIL J. SHARP



1. O Sal - ly, my dear, but I wish I could woo you. O

Sal ly, my dear, but I wish I could woo you. She

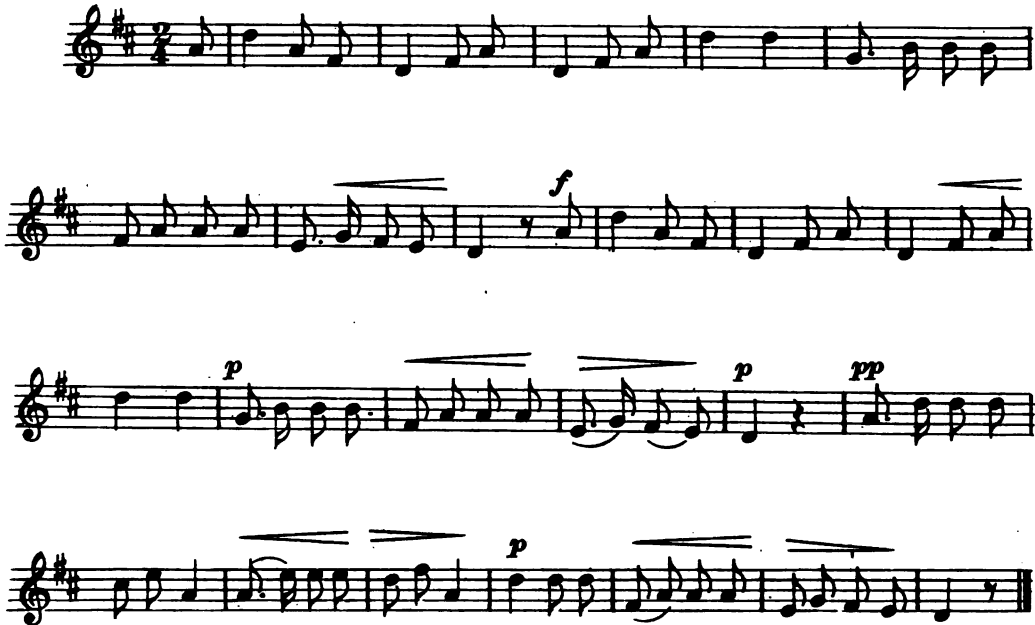
laughed and re - plied: and would woo - ing un - do you? Sing

fal the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day.

2. O Sally, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it.  
O Sally, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it.  
She laughed and replied: If you did would you miss it?
3. O Sally, my dear, I would love you and wed you.  
O Sally, my dear, I would love you and wed you.  
She laughed and replied: Then don't say I misled you.
4. If lassies were blackbirds and lassies were thrushes,  
If lassies were blackbirds and lassies were thrushes,  
How soon the young men would go beating the bushes!
5. If the women were hares and raced round the mountain,  
If the women were hares and raced round the mountain,  
How soon the young men would be busy a hunting!
6. If the women were ducks and swum round the water,  
If the women were ducks and swum round the water,  
The men would turn drakes and be soon swimming after.  
Sing fal the diddle i do,  
Sing whack fal the diddle day.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## I wander through Woodlands

*(For local words see Preface)*

From One Hundred Folk Songs of all Nations  
 By permission Oliver Ditson Company

## All Nature Smiles

Round

The musical score for 'All Nature Smiles' is a round in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, written on three staves. The melody is simple and repetitive, using mostly eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

All Na - ture smiles to greet fair Spring, And flow'rs their scent - ed tri - bute bring:

The hap - py birds from bloom - ing spray, Their wel - come sing with mer - ry lay,

With merry, merry lay, with merry, merry lay, Their wel - come sing with merry, merry lay.



# The Keys of Canterbury

Collected by Cecil J. Sharp

*Allegro con grazia*



*He* 1. O Mad-am, I will give to you the keys of Can - ter -  
*She* 2. I shall not, Sir, ac - cept of you the keys of Can - ter -  
 bu - ry, And all the bells in Lon - don shall ring to make us  
 bu - ry, Nor all the bells in Lon - don shall ring to make us  
 mer - ry. If you will be my joy, — my sweet and on - ly  
 mer - ry. I will not be your joy, — your sweet and on - ly  
 dear, — And walk a - long with me, an - y - where. —  
 dear, — Nor walk a - long with you, an - y - where. —

*He* 3 O | Madam, I will | give to you a | pair of boots of | cork,  
 The | one was made in | London, the | other made in | York.  
 If | you will be my | joy, my | sweet and only | dear,  
 And | walk along with | me, any - | where.

*She* 4 I | shall not, Sir, ac - | cept of you a | pair of boots of | cork,  
 Though | both were made in | London, or | both were made in | York  
 I | will not be your | joy, your | sweet and only | dear,  
 Nor | walk along with | you, any - | where.

*He* 5 O | Madam, I will | give to you a | gallant silver | chest,  
 With a | key of gold and | silver, and | jewels of the | best.  
 If | you will be my | joy, my | sweet and only | dear,  
 And | walk along with | me, any - | where.

*She* 6 I | shall not, Sir, ac - | cept of you a | gallant silver | chest,  
 A | key of gold and | silver, nor | jewels of the | best.  
 I | will not be your | joy, your | sweet and only | dear,  
 Nor | walk along with | you, any - | where.

*He* 7 O | Madam, I will | give to you a | brodered silken | gownd,  
 With | nine yards a - | drooping, and | training on the | ground.  
 If | you will be my | joy, my | sweet and only | dear,  
 And | walk along with | me, any - | where.

*She* 8 O | Sir, I will ac - | cept of you a | brodered silken | gownd,  
 With | nine yards a - | drooping, and | training on the | ground.

*Both.* Then | [I will be your | joy, your | sweet and only | dear,  
 you shall be my | joy, my |

And | walk along with | [you | me] any - | where.

# The Mermaid

Moderato



1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set — sail, And we
2. Then up spake the cap-tain of our gal-lant ship, And a
3. Then up spake the cook of our gal - lant — ship; And a
4. Then three times a-round went our gal - lant — ship, And —

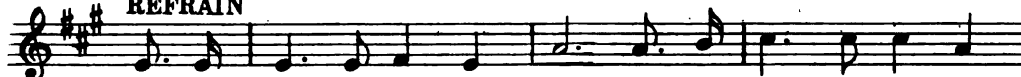


were not far from the land, When the cap-tain spied a —  
well spo-ken man was he; "I have mar-ried a wife in —  
red hot cook was he; "I — care much more for my  
three times a - round went she, Then — three times a-round went



love-ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
Sa - - lem town, And to night she a wid - ow will be."  
ket-tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea."  
our gal-lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.

REFRAIN



O, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may



blow, While we poor sail-ors go skip-ping to the tops, And the



land lubbers lie down be-low, be-low, be-low, And the land lubbers lie down be-low.

# Lord Rendal\*

Collected by Cecil J. Sharp

1. Where have you been all the day, Ren-dal, my son?

Where have you been all the day, my pret-ty one? I've

been to my sweet-heart, moth-er, I've been to my sweet-heart, moth-er.

*Listesso tempo*

Make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart, and I fain would lie down.

2. What have you been eating, Rendal, my son?  
What have you been eating, my pretty one?  
O eels and eel broth, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
3. Where did she get them from, Rendal, my son?  
Where did she get them from, my pretty one?  
From hedges and ditches, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
4. What was the color on their skin, Rendal, my son?  
What was the color on their skin, my pretty one?  
O spickit and sparkit, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
5. What will you leave your father, Rendal, my son?  
What will you leave your father, my pretty one?  
My lands and houses, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
6. What will you leave your mother, Rendal, my son?  
What will you leave your mother, my pretty one?  
My gold and silver, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
7. What will you leave your brother, Rendal, my son?  
What will you leave your brother, my pretty one?  
My cows and horses, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
8. What will you leave your lover, Rendal, my son?  
What will you leave your lover, my pretty one?  
A rope to hang her, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

\* From Songs from Somerset

# There was a jolly Miller

Words from the  
Yorkshire Musical Miscellany

Giojoso

1. There was a jol-ly Mil-ler once, Liv'd on the riv-er Dee.— He  
2. When spring be-gins its bright car-eer, Oh! how his heart grows gay!— No  
3. Thus like the Mil-ler bold and free, Let us re-joice and sing,— The

danc'd and sung from morn till night, No lark so blithe as he, — And  
Summer's drought a-larms his fear, Nor Win-ter's sad de-cay, — No  
days of youth are made for glee, And time is on the wing.— This

this the bur-den of his song, For ev-er used to be: — I  
fore-sight mars the Mil-ler's joy, Who's wont to sing and say, — Let  
song shall pass from me to thee A-long this jov-ial ring: — Let

care for no-bo-dy no not I, If no-bo-dy cares for me. —  
oth-ers toil from year to year, 'I live from day to day. —  
heart and voice and all a-gree To say LONG LIVE THE KING! —

# The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O!\*

Collected by Cecil J. Sharp



1 There were three gyp-sies a-come to my door, And down-stairs ran this a-la-dy, O!



One sang high and the oth-er sang low, And the oth-er sang bon-ny, bon-ny Bis-cay, O!

2. Then she pulled off her silk finished gown  
And put on hose of leather, O!  
The ragged, ragged rags about our door—  
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

3. It was late last night when my lord came home,  
Enquiring for his a-lady, O!  
The servants said, on every hand:  
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

*The Lord:*

4. O, saddle to me my milk-white steed,  
Go and fetch my pony, O!  
That I may ride and seek my bride,  
Who is gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

5. O, he rode high, and he rode low,  
He rode through woods and copses too,  
Untill he came to an open field,  
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

*The Lord:*

6. What makes you leave your house and land?  
What makes you leave your money, O?  
What makes you leave your new wedded lord,  
To go with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O?

*The Lady:*

7. O what care I for my house and my land?  
What care I for my money, O?  
What care I for my new wedded lord?  
I'm off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

*The Lord:*

8. Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,  
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!  
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,  
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

*The Lady:*

9. What care I for a goose-feather bed,  
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!  
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,  
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

# Winnowing Song\*

From South India

A - ley-lum, jayum, jayum, A - ley-lum, jayum, jayum, A - ley-lum, A - ley-lum, A - ley-lum, A - ley-lum.

1 Bend-ing low in pad-dy fields, Now we plant our stalks of rice, Bend-ing low in pad-dy fields, Now we plant our crop of rice. A - ley-lum, jayum, jayum, A - le-lum, jayum, jayum, A - ley-lum, A - ley-lum, A - ley-lum, A - ley-lum.

2. With the sickle keen and sharp,  
Mowing down the waving grain.
3. Treading, trampling with our feet,  
Thrashing out the sunburnt rice.
4. Now with winnow fan the grain,  
Winnowing the chaff away.
5. Then with pestle pounding slow,  
Grinding rice to make our meal.

\*The refrain "A-ley-lum-etc." is repeated before and after each verse, and the motions suitable to each action described are carried on rhythmically with the music. For instance, (1) Bend at waist, holding apron in left hand as if holding seed and perform sowing motions with right hand. (2) Mowing motion. (3) Trampling feet in time to music with hands on hips. (4) Both hands out in front as if holding basket cover, fanning up and down. (5) Hands in front one over the other, closed as if holding a large pestle. Perform pounding motion, swaying from side to side.

The "Winnowing Song" is authentically native in tune and refrain, but the words are an adaptation, since an effort to recall the real Tamil words was fruitless. There is some difference of opinion regarding this song. One friend from India thinks it was a religious song sung at Harvest Festivals. Another agrees with me that it was sung by builders while pounding mortar. I think I have heard them sing it while pounding the rice, also. This gave me the idea for this winnowing song - really the story of the planting and growth of the rice. FRANCES C. JEFFERY.

\*By permission of Miss Frances C. Jeffery, who took down the melody and made the translation.

# The Tree in the Wood\*

Collected by Cecil J. Sharp

1. All in a wood there grew a tree, The fin-est tree you  
 ev-er did see, And the green leaves grew a - round, a-round, a-round, And the  
 green leaves grew a - round. 2. And on this tree there was a limb, The  
 fin-est limb you ev-er did see, The limb was on the tree, The  
 tree was in the wood, And the green leaves grew a -  
 round, a-round, a-round, And the green leaves grew a - round. And round.

Verses 2-8 | 9th Verse

3. And on this limb there was a branch,  
 The finest branch you ever did see,  
 The branch was on the limb,  
 The limb was on the tree,  
 The tree was in the wood,  
 And the green leaves grew around, etc. etc.
4. And on this branch there was a nest,  
 The finest nest you ever did see,  
 The nest was on the branch,  
 The branch was on the limb, etc. etc.
5. And in this nest there was an egg,  
 The finest egg you ever did see, etc. etc.
6. And in this egg there was a yolk,  
 The finest yolk you ever did see, etc. etc.
7. And in this yolk there was a bird,  
 The finest bird you ever did see, etc. etc.
8. And on this bird there was a wing,  
 The finest wing you ever did see, etc. etc.
9. And on this wing there was a feather,  
 The finest feather you ever did see,  
 The feather was on the wing,  
 The wing was on the bird,  
 The bird was in the yolk,  
 The yolk was in the egg,  
 The egg was in the nest,  
 The nest was on the branch,  
 The branch was on the limb,  
 The limb was on the tree,  
 The tree was in the wood,  
 And the green leaves grew around, around, around,  
 And the green leaves grew around.

\*\* This measure is repeated twice in the third verse three times in the fourth verse and so on.  
 \* From Songs from Somerset

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## \*Puahoku

From Hawaii



1. Pu - a - ho - ku, O Pu - a - ho - ku,  
 2. Poha - ku - pi - li, Po - ha - ku - pi - li, With the  
 3. Lau - ni - kau - la, O Lau - ni - kau - la,



Land of gin - ger and of dreams; With the  
 ki - li - pa - ki sleep - ing by the sea; Poha - ku -  
 Love of bo - gies and of spooks; With the



sea - breeze blow - ing thru the cy - press, And the  
 pi - li, Po - ha - ku - pi - li, And the  
 blue lights danc - ing on the ku - la,



wild dove call - ing in the trees, Call - ing "Pu - a - ho - ku."  
 big U - lu - a wait - ing there for me, Wait - ing there for me.  
 Danc - ing, danc - ing the hu - la, Hu - la Pu - a - ho - ku.

\* Puahoku = name of a ranch on Molokai.

Pohakupili = name of a district.

Kilipaki = a south sea Islander who slept on the shore of Pohakupili.

Ulua = a large fish.

Launikaula = name of one of the Hawaiian medicine-men.

Kula = a plateau.

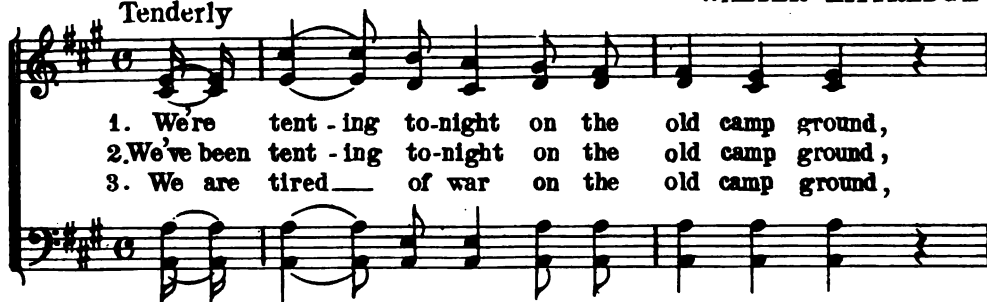
Hula = Hawaiian Dance.



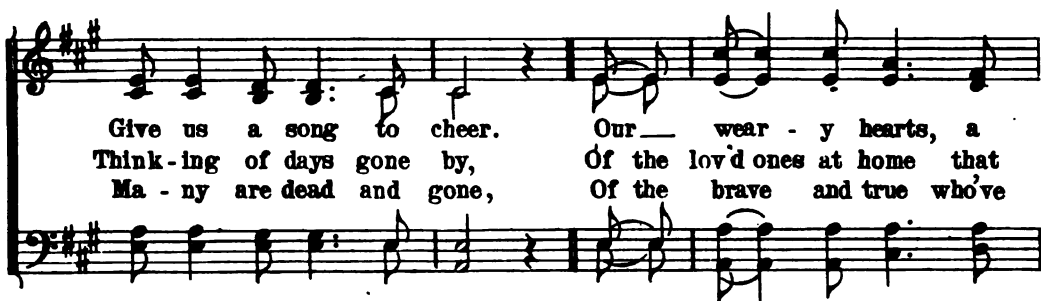
# Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

WALTER KITTREDGE

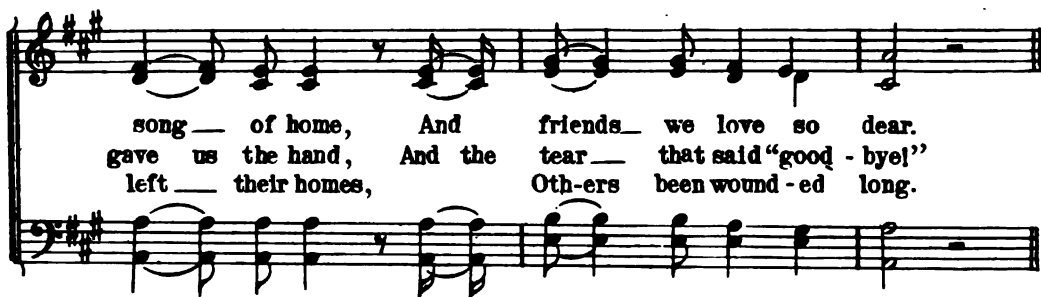
Tenderly



1. Were tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground,  
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground,  
 3. We are tired— of war on the old camp ground,



Give us a song to cheer. Our— wear-y hearts, a  
 Think-ing of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that  
 Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've



song— of home, And friends— we love so dear.  
 gave us the hand, And the tear— that said "good-bye!"  
 left— their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.

## CHORUS

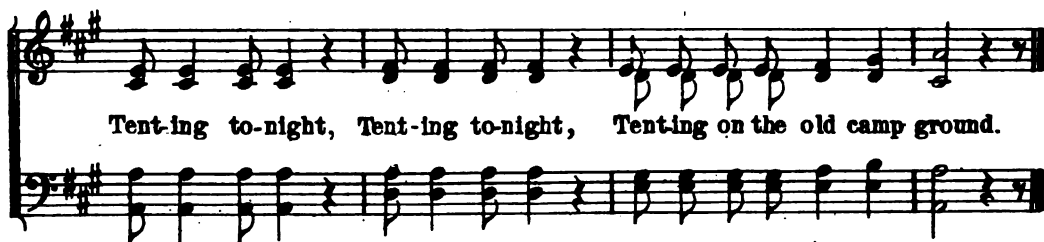


Ma-ny are the hearts that are wear-y to-night,



Wish-ing for the war to cease; Ma-ny are the hearts look-ing

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS



## Churning Song

Collected by M. KENNEDY-FRASER



2. Would but - ter come but quick - ly Full blythe we of



wrist. With but - ter to the el - bow, But - ter -



milk up to the wrist



## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## Indian Song

Dakota Tribe



(He) A - ha! Hi - a - ha! Bat-tle cry of the



war-riors bold, — A - ha! Hi - a - ha! Fear-less I now of



foes of old. — (She) O Brave! Hi - a - ha! Dusk-y chief I thy bride would be, —



— My Brave! Hi - a - ha! Fear-less I now of such as thee. —

This Melody has been used by Mac Dowell  
in his "Indian Suite" Op. 48.

## Scotland's Burning

Four Part Round



Scot-land's burn-ing, Scot-land's burn-ing! Look out! look out!



Fire! fire! fire! fire! Pour on wa-ter, pour on wa-ter!

From Fifty five Rounds & Canons Compiled by Sara L. Dunning  
By permission of G. Schirmer

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## In Cellar Cool

*(For local words see Preface)*

Adapted by C. H. F.



From One Hundred Folk Songs of all Nations  
 By permission Oliver Ditson Company

## The Ferry

Three Part Round

**I**

A single staff of musical notation for Part I of 'The Ferry'. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single line.

A boat, a boat to cross the fer - ry, We'll  
 We'll sing and sing un - til we're wear - y, Then

**II**

A single staff of musical notation for Part II of 'The Ferry'. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single line.

float and sing and all be mer - ry:  
 sew and sew and all be mer - ry:

**III**

A single staff of musical notation for Part III of 'The Ferry'. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single line.

Sing, sing, sing and be mer - ry.  
 Sew, sew, sew and be mer - ry.

## Come Along Sing

E. PRUDA HARWOOD

E. PRUDA HARWOOD



Come a-long sing, Sing a-long with us Come a-long Sing Sing a-long do.  
 Come a-long sing, Sing to (\*.....) Sing to (\*.....) tried and true.

Notes stemmed down for second line

## Greeting and Good-bye Song



Oh (\*.....) Oh (\*.....) We are glad to see you here, Stay as  
 Oh (\*.....) Oh (\*.....) We are sad to have you go, Come a -



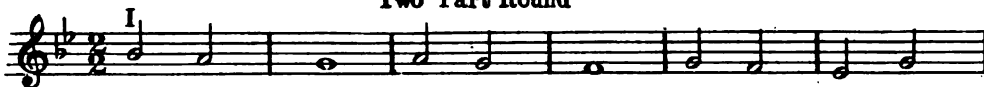
long as time will let you, Feel at home and share our cheer.  
 gain we all im - plore you, Your de - part - ure gives us woe.

\* The name of a child, teacher, friend, holiday or the like to be inserted here. Thus, when Alice has a birthday we may "Come along sing sing to Alice" etc

*By permission of Camp Honorm*

## O Give Thanks

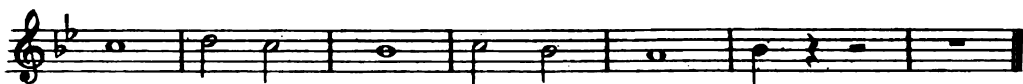
Two Part Round



O, give thanks, O, give thanks, O, give thanks un -



to the Lord for He is gra-cious and His mer - cy en -



dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

# Waulking Song

HEBRIDES

Collected by M. Kennedy - Fraser



*By permission of Boosey & Co.  
of whom accompaniment may be obtained*

## Hark! the Pretty Birds

Round

The musical notation for 'Hark! the Pretty Birds' is a four-part round in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The four parts are arranged in four staves. The lyrics are: 'Hark! the pret ty birds are sing ing, On the tree their sweet song, And the mer ry bells are ring ing, Ding, dong, bell, dong, ding, dong.' The first part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The third part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The fourth part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

## The Rose's Age

Round

HAYES

The musical notation for 'The Rose's Age' is a four-part round in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The four parts are arranged in four staves. The lyrics are: 'The ros - es age is but a day, Its bloom the pledge of its de - cay, Sweet is its scent, its col - our bright, It blows at morn, and fades at night.' The first part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The third part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The fourth part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

It blows at morn, and fades at night.



## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

## An Omaha Melody

Harmonized by John C. Fillmore

With religious feeling

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with eighth-note patterns and chords in the right hand. The vocal line consists of a single melody line with lyrics written below it.

This may be used as an instrumental number, or original words may be written. The Indian words to this melody tell how "the blessing of peace is brought by the 'tireless Eagle' who brought it from the past, bears it in the present, and brings it to the 'Son', with whom it will remain as a gift from Wakonda, the Great Spirit."

From "The Omaha Tribe" by Fletcher-La Flesche  
 Pub. by Bureau Amer. Ethnology



# Sunset Song

## Ceremonial Thank Offering to the Sun

At the instance of the Sun touching the border of the horizon at Sunset, the Zunis assembled upon the highest cliffs and housetops to sing their Song of Praise. They face the Sun with uplifted hands (palms outwards) and bow with graceful rhythmic motion - upward and downward at every measure of the song in the manner of a "Salam" which they repeat continuously, until the Sun sinks out of sight. They then prostrate themselves in adoration of the Sun. The chant takes about one

minute to sing, and the sun-worshippers repeat it five times, which is the limit the Sun occupies in its downward course after its first contact on the horizon.

During the first four repetitions of the song the worshippers remain *standing*; in the last repetition, they are *knelling* (on one knee) and in the *Finale*, prostrate themselves towards the Sun, in silence.

an abbreviation of a Zuni Melody  
recorded and harmonized by  
CARLOS TROYER

**Andante** This song is accompanied by the natives with a Drum & Flute - trumpet

Good night to thee, fair God - dess, We  
E - int - la Ma - ya Zu - la, Ku - a

thank thee for thy bles - sing, Good night to thee Fair  
wey - la yan - a vis - nt, E - int - la Ma - ya

God - dess We thank thee for this day. In  
Zu - la Ku - a wey - la yan - a lo. Al -

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONGS

With increased fervor

*ten*  
 glo - ry we be - hold thee at ear - ly dawn a -  
*lu - ra* *wun - ga* *no - ku* *al - ha - mi tan - da -*  
*ten*  
*cres* - *cen* - *do*

In subdued tones

gain We thank thee for thy bles - sing, To  
*lo.* *Kua whey - la ya - an* *nie - vi,* *Te -*  
*p*

*di - min - u -*  
 be with us this day. This day, We  
*na - di* *yan - a* *lo.* *Yim - a* *lo,* *Kua*

## FINAL

§ The Sun worshippers prostrate themselves.

*en - do*  
 thank thee for this day.  
*whey - la* *yan - a* *lo.*  
*pp*  
*r.h.* *lunga*  
 4 1 2  
 3  
 5 2 3  
 8  
 9

# A Hundred Years on the Eastern Shore

**SOLO** **CHORUS** **SOLO**

1. A hun-dred years on the east-ern shore; O yes O, And a

hun-dred years on the east - ern shore; A hun-dred years a - go.

2. A hundred years have passed and gone.

3. And a hundred years will come once more.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system features a solo vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a piano (p) dynamic and includes a crescendo to a forte (f) dynamic. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts, with the piano part marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: '1. A hun-dred years on the east-ern shore; O yes O, And a hun-dred years on the east - ern shore; A hun-dred years a - go. 2. A hundred years have passed and gone. 3. And a hundred years will come once more.'

*By permission of Cecil J. Sharp*

# Now is the Month of Maying

**Allegro moderato**

**THOMAS MORLEY**

1. Now is the month of May-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing.  
 2. The spring all clad in glad-ness Doth laugh at win-ter's sad-ness.  
 3. Fie then, why sit we mus-ing, Youth's sweet de-light re - fus-ing.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: '1. Now is the month of May-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing. 2. The spring all clad in glad-ness Doth laugh at win-ter's sad-ness. 3. Fie then, why sit we mus-ing, Youth's sweet de-light re - fus-ing.'



# Dabbling in the Dew

Collected by Cecil J. Sharp



1. O where are you go-ing to, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your



red ros - y cheeks and your coal - black hair? I'm



go - ing a - milk - ing, kind sir, she an-swered me. And it's



dab- bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair.

2. Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear,  
In a green silken gown and the amethyst rare?  
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me,  
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
3. Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,  
In a chariot with horses, a grey gallant pair?  
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me,  
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
4. Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,  
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year?  
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me,  
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
5. O, but London's a city, my pretty little dear.  
And all men are gallant and brave that are there.  
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me,  
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
6. O fine clothes and dainties and carriages so rare  
Bring grey to the cheeks and silver to the hair.  
What's a ring on the finger, if rings are round the eye?  
But it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

# The Frog and the Mouse

Old English

Con spirito



1. There was a frog lived in a well, Whip-see did-dle dee



dan - dy dee. There was a mouse lived in a mill,



Whip-see did-dle dee dan - dy dee. This frog he would a -



woo-ing ride, With sword and buck-ler by his side, With a ha-rum sca-rum



did-dle dum da - rum, Whip-see did-dle dee dan - dy dee.

2. He rode till he came to Mouses' Hall,  
Where he most tenderly did call:  
"Oh! Mistress Mouse are you at home?  
And if you are, oh pray come down."
3. "My uncle rat is not at home;  
I dare not for my life come down."  
Then uncle rat he soon comes home,  
"And who's been here since I've been gone?"
4. "Here's been a fine young gentleman,  
Who swears he'll have me if he can."  
Then uncle rat gave his consent,  
And made a handsome settlement.
5. Four partridge pies with season made,  
Two potted larks and marmalade,  
Four woodcocks and a venison pie,  
I would that at that feast were I!

# Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Melody

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,      Com-ing for to car - ry me      home,

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,      Com-ing for to car - ry me      home. *Fine.*

1 I      looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I      see,  
2 If      you      get      there be - fore I      do,  
3 I'm      some - times      up      and      some - times      down.

Com - ing for to car - ry me      home? A      band of an - gels  
Com - ing for to car - ry me      home, Tell      all my friends I'm  
Com - ing for to car - ry me      home, But      still my soul feels

com - ing af - ter me,      Com - ing for to car - ry me      home.  
com - ing too,      Com - ing for to car - ry me      home.  
heav - en - ly bound,      Com - ing for to car - ry me      home. *D.C.*

# The Camper's Life

E. PRUDA HARWOOD

1 The camper's life's the life I trow, For all of us who  
live it, We're up and down and to and fro, When  
CHORUS  
ser-vice is asked we give it. In case of an - y  
work, There's none of us will shirk, We de - spise it ev - er - y  
one, We sing a lit - tle, And laugh a lit - tle, And  
work a lit - tle, And play a lit - tle, Fid - dle a lit - tle and  
foot it a lit - tle, As hap - pi - ly as we can.

2. When whistling winds and pouring rains  
Give proof of coming drenching,  
We tie up our tents and on with our games,  
And our fun can get no quenching. CHO.

3. Oh think not that our life is hard  
Although we're always tramping,  
For health and love is enough reward  
For us when we are camping. CHO.

Adapted from "The Sailors Life"

By permission of Boosey & Co. from whom accompaniment may be obtained



# The Waits

JER. SAVILLE

Merrily

Let us all sing, mer-ri-ly sing, Let us  
Fa la la la la la la, Fa la

all sing, mer-ri-ly sing, Till ech-o a-round us,  
la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la,

Ech-o a-round us, ech-o a-round us re-spon-sive shall ring.  
Fa la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la.

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